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The Shape of Things

ILL OMENS ATTENDED THE ARRIVAL IN Washington of Japan's special envoy, Saburo Kurusu. At the very hour of his meeting with Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt, the American press was featuring the militant address to the Diet of the new Japanese Prime Minister, Admiral Tojo, while newspapers in Japan were insisting that the government must be prepared at all costs to break the "economic blockade" and "military encirclement" of Japan by foreign powers and to defend the nation's East Asia policy. The Japanese House of Representatives approved without debate the new government's extraordinary military budget of 3,800,000,000 yen, and, as if in answer, President Roosevelt asked Congress for an additional appropriation of more than $6,500,000,000 for the army and navy, part of it specifically for the Philippine forces and for the construction of new military posts. And as if to highlight these sober and ominous proceedings, it was disclosed that the German freighter Odenwald, captured in the South Atlantic flying American colors, had been bound from Yokohama to Bordeaux with a hold full of war supplies for Germany, including a load of raw rubber and a consignment of American automobile tires.

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BUT THE FACTS BEHIND MR. KURUSU'S mission are no more encouraging than the omens. He brings with him an intense desire to avoid war with the United States, but like Nazi Germany, Japan wants peace with conquest. His mission is to persuade the American government that Japan's Asiatic policy deserves its support or at least its complaisance; and he doubtless brings with him certain concessions and offers with which he hopes to buy what he cannot win by argument. But the day for that sort of bargaining has passed. The United States also wants to avoid war in the Pacific, but not at a price Japan is likely to offer. For the Japanese occupation of Indo-China, together with the spread of the war to Russia, put an end to the policy of buying peace at the expense of China. Appeasement is dead. The Chinese front has become part of the general anti-Axis front, and even if Japan, in its extremity, is prepared to with-

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draw from or forgo all its other conquests in exchange for the oil and metals with which to "conclude" its "affair" in China, the United States can no longer agree to such terms. This time appeasement will have to come from Japan, and it is hard to imagine in what form Mr. Kurusu can offer it.

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THE DIRECTION OF JAPAN'S NEXT ATTACK is still a matter of speculation among observers following Far Eastern affairs. Recent troop movements into Canton and French Indo-China have, however, narrowed the field of speculation considerably. These movements suggest an attack either on Thailand or on China's Burma road. Of the two the latter appears the more probable development despite the immense physical obstacles to such a drive, for it is generally believed that an invasion of Thailand would be followed almost immediately by British and American declarations of war against Japan. On the other hand, in the absence of a specific warning from the Anglo-Saxon powers, Japan may feel that it can attack the Burma road without provoking a general war in the Pacific. Actually, such a move would be directed as much against the United States as against China since the Burma road is being used to bring out tungsten, tin, and other vital materials for American defense industries. Moreover, since the major strategy of the struggle against the Axis powers demands the preservation of a free, fighting China, it is to the direct interest of the Allied powers to keep open China's one remaining lifeline.

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SNOW AND SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES SEEM to have stopped the Nazis on the northern Russian front. The situation is particularly favorable around Moscow, where the invaders have made scant progress during the past month. It is also reasonably good in the vicinity of Leningrad, where the Nazi thrust toward Vologda appears to have been thrown back. Moreover, all attacks on Murmansk have failed, although the Finns are reported to have cut the rail line that was to have been used to deliver American supplies to the main fronts. The spread of winter to the Ukraine seems to have checked German advances in that area. But with the capture of Kerch the threat to the Caucasus has been materially increased. Since the weather in this area should be comparatively mild for another month, the Germans may be expected to attempt a crossing of the narrow strait at the mouth of the Sea of Azov in their next major effort. The Russians are well aware that this drive is in many respects as crucial as the one on Moscow itself and are reported to have developed strong positions on the east side of the strait. Should the Germans force the crossing, Britain will be faced with the necessity of deciding immediately whether or not to send British troops to aid in the defense of the Caucasian oil fields. The Russians must look to General Wavell rather than General Winter for ultimate aid in this sector.

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THE NEW NAZI DRIVE TO BRING VICHY ALL the way into the Axis appears to be a direct consequence of the revision of the Neutrality Act and the increasing participation of the United States in the Battle of the Atlantic. With the Italian navy half destroyed physically and wholly sunk morally, Hitler badly needs reinforcements to offset the growing effectiveness of Anglo-American command of the seas and to reestablish safe communications with Libya. France has been asked to use its navy for convoy work in the Mediterranean, to "protect" Dakar and the West African coast from British attack, and to provide free transit facilities through the French North African bases for Axis reinforcements and supplies. In exchange for these concessions Germany has again held out as bait the promise to release all French prisoners of war and to evacuate part of the territory now occupied—possibly including Paris. Weygand's place in this new scheme of things is obscure as we go to press. There are unconfirmed reports that he is to succeed Huntziger as Minister of War. If this turns out to be true, it would seem to mean that Weygand has acquiesced in the final surrender of France and that all hopes that his influence might be pitted against Darlan's were based on wishful thinking. But against this must be set equally persistent reports that Weygand and others are still resisting certain of the German demands. On this occasion, as in the past, the Germans may find it impossible to impose their full will on the Vichy regime. But it is evident that Vichy's pretense of neutrality is being steadily worn down by the relentless Nazi conquerors.

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THE MOST CRUCIAL ISSUE BEFORE CONGRESS at the present time is not the strike issue, as many Congressmen seem to assume, but that of price control. There is every indication that anti-inflation legislation is being deliberately sabotaged by powerful groups within Congress. Four months of wrangling and controversy have so far yielded nothing except a committee-written bill which pleases no one and would do little, if anything, toward preventing inflation. Meanwhile prices continue to rise. Since February, when the present advance began, living costs have increased 8½ per cent, wholesale commodity prices 14 per cent, and prices paid to the farmer for his products 35 per cent. Although the price of many manufactured articles and of some basic commodities is being held down by orders from the price-control administration, it is doubtful whether these curbs can be long maintained in the absence of full legal sanction. And unless Congress acts quickly, even legal curbs may be unavailing. Experience has shown that

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it is almost impossible to stop an inflation by administrative action once it is fully under way. Since this spiral of increasing prices is at the root of most of our labor difficulties, it is imperative that Congress give immediate attention to the problem.

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THE STRIKE IN THE CAPTIVE SOFT-COAL mines is not the only strike affecting the output of steel for defense. Far more serious is the industry's continued resistance to expansion. Yet the press in general buried or ignored the alarming complaints registered by some of the most conservative figures in the defense program at the steel-industry conference in Washington. Admiral Land of the Maritime Commission said that fourteen shipways were idle in October for lack of steel plates. Under Secretary of the Navy Forrestal declared the steel shortage to be a serious obstacle to our two-ocean-navy program. Assistant Secretary of War McCloy, speaking for Under Secretary Patterson, made it clear that the army was sick of the "over-all" figures paraded by the steel industry to prove that it has ample supplies for defense. McCloy asserted that these over-all figures meant little as long as specific shortages existed in the kinds of steel needed for defense. Knudsen added to the chorus of complaint, although one reason for the most serious shortage, that in light plates, is the automobile industry's huge consumption of steel from sheet and strip mills which could have been making plates for tanks and ships. Eugene Grace of Bethlehem, nevertheless, denied the existence of shortages at the meeting, and the National Association of Manufacturers has launched a publicity campaign to prove that no expansion is needed. Apparently the steel trust would rather lose the war than endanger its monopoly by an enlargement of output that might ultimately undermine prices.

*

IN THE POTHER OVER WHETHER OR NOT a grand jury may subpoena a Congressman the fact that Representative Hamilton Fish has not yet told what he knows about a dangerous situation has been obscured. The facts, in brief, are these: A District of Columbia grand jury is investigating Nazi activities in the United States. The same grand jury has already indicted one George Hill on two charges of perjury growing out of his testimony concerning the abuse of the Congressional franking privilege. Mr. Hill is Representative Fish's secretary. Mr. Fish, in turn, is the Congressman whose franked envelopes disappeared from the office of Prescott Dennett just before federal investigators swooped down on that office in a search for evidence. Summoned to testify, Mr. Fish declined to appear in court lest the prerogatives of the House be violated. The ancient struggle between Charles I and Parliament was invoked, and even Administration leaders in the House, fearing perhaps the accusation that they wanted Fish out of the way during the crucial neutrality debate, supported his contention. Now the House has decided that Mr. Fish is free to appear "voluntarily" at such time as his duties as a Representative do not require him elsewhere. Immediately after the neutrality vote Mr. Fish left Washington on a two weeks' "tour of duty" with the army. The grand jury reconvenes on November 24. Is it too much to hope that by that time Representative Fish and Colonel Fish will have done their duty sufficiently to allow Citizen Fish a chance to do his?

*

A SERIES OF MAJOR CRIMES IN HARLEM HAS had one fortunate effect—it has focused public attention on the shocking economic and social conditions in New York's Negro ghetto. For years Harlem has been the most overcrowded section of the city. Although Negro wages are much lower than those of whites doing comparable work, Harlem rents are among the highest in the city for the type of accommodations available. Schools, playgrounds, and health facilities have always been inferior to those in other sections of the city. Negroes have consistently been discriminated against in both public and private employment. Although these facts have long been known to an informed few, they might never have been brought to public notice if a white boy had not been murdered by Negro youths. As a result of this crime the Social Service Bureau of the Magistrates' Courts summoned an emergency conference of civic leaders to set up a remedial program. This conference stressed the fact that the problem was largely an economic one. The Reverend A. Clayton Powell proposes to meet it by insisting that the Negro be given a fair proportion of jobs in the city schools, the police force, and the Health Department, and by bringing pressure on private firms to employ Negroes. It is to the interest of every citizen, white and colored, to see that the people of Harlem have a chance to raise their children in decency.

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IN A REMARKABLY ELOQUENT LETTER TO the New York *Times* of November 15 Pearl Buck makes the telling point that New York's current Negro crime wave is merely a whitecap in a mounting sea. The problem is not confined to New York, and it will not be solved by local measures. America's growing involvement in another war for democracy is all that the Negro population of this country needed to point up its own deep discontent: a crusade against racism is all that was lacking to throw its own underprivileged position into sharp relief. Even so, the Negroes of this country stood ready to do their share in the defense of a democracy that to them was merely a hope for the future until they were reduced to despair by the refusal of defense industries and armed services alike to treat them on a plane of equality with whites. "To the colored American,"

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writes Mrs. Buck, "this is final proof of the hopelessness of his plight, that even in the defense of his country he is not allowed his share of work." It matters little that Hitler's attitude toward the Negroes, less publicized, is as scurrilous and abusive as it is toward the Jews. His agents are making headway in our Harlems. Until the government gives faith to these twelve million people, they cannot be expected to offer their lives for a shadow.

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PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION'S THIRD trial as a means of selecting New York's City Council yielded some rather extraordinary results. While the method did not prevent the Democrats from obtaining their usual large majority of Council seats, despite the LaGuardia victory, it achieved its purpose in giving representation to minority groups. Among the twenty-six persons obtaining seats in the Council were three women, a Negro minister, a Communist, and four American Laborites. The Republicans failed to obtain adequate representation, winning but two seats. But this is probably as many as they would have obtained under the old system of district representation. The chief complaints against P. R. are: (1) that the Democrats by more skilful use of the system have gained more than their share of seats in the Council; and (2) that a very large proportion of the electorate are, in effect, disfranchised because of failure to mark their ballots correctly. Strangely enough, the Democrats—who have had the best luck in instructing their followers in the technique of voting under P. R.—are alone in advocating repeal of the system. Presumably this is because Tammany knows that as other political groups become more skilful, the Tiger's perennial hold over ward politics will be broken.

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THE AMERICAN GUIDE SERIES, COMPILED AND edited by the Federal Writers' Project, will be completed with the publication of the volume on Oklahoma sometime this month; and even chambers of commerce now admit that it was a great idea. It comprises fifty-one volumes—covering every state, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and Alaska; there are in addition detailed guides for most of the large cities. The usefulness of the individual guides for a nation of travelers need hardly be pointed out; that is one reason why the project has had no difficulty in finding the necessary local sponsors for the separate volumes. They also have another value, for taken together they provide perhaps the most comprehensive single record we possess of the American scene. Self-knowledge is the beginning of wisdom for nations as well as individuals. As a people we have always been deficient in the understanding of our background and beginnings. The American Guide Series makes a vital contribution in that respect—and at a time when such understanding is more important than ever.

A Time for Broader Decisions

ALL parties to the dispute which has led to the closing of the captive coal mines—the union, the employers, and the government—must bear their share of responsibility. The situation has been woefully mismanaged by the Administration, wilfully exploited by John L. Lewis and the steel corporations. The likely results are serious delay to the defense effort, encouragement to fascists within and without, and the opening of labor's flanks to legislative attack.

Neither Lewis nor the steel men tried very hard to avoid a showdown, for they had little to lose by it and much to gain. Lewis was out to recover his influence in the C. I. O., which was slipping away from him on the war issue. He was looking for revenge on the President and Sidney Hillman, and the punishment which the labor movement as a whole might take as the result of his actions appears to have been the least of his worries. If he had been sincerely anxious to win the closed shop, without provoking the kind of row which would put the Administration on the spot, he could have agreed to arbitrate the dispute. Undoubtedly he had an extremely strong case, considering that the union had won a closed shop from the 10,000-odd commercial coal operators and that it had organized all but 5 per cent of the workers in the captive pits. Reporting the hearings before the National Defense Mediation Board on November 4, the *Wall Street Journal* quoted an "interested party" as saying: "Although I hate to admit it, this is a case in which a union shop should be granted if there ever was such a case." An offer to arbitrate would have put the steel companies in a position in which they would have had to accept it, despite the strong probability that the case would go against them, or refuse and be burdened with the sole responsibility of causing a strike.

As it is, the steel companies are now occupying a fine strategic position. Their obstinacy in holding out against the closed shop is in shadow while the spotlight of public disapproval plays on Lewis and the union. The steel companies don't stand to lose a penny if the strike is prolonged. Their orders will not be canceled, for the country must have steel, and while they may lose profits this year they will regain them in 1942. Meanwhile they are getting enthusiastic backing for anti-labor legislation which will enable them to check the advance of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and which, once on the statute books, will not be removed easily.

While Lewis bellowed his arrogant ultimatums, the steel men promoted their case with less noise but more cunning. Should the National Defense Mediation Board recommend a closed shop and should the Administration

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insist on their agreement, they would be compelled, they insinuated, to resign the whole management of the industry to the government. The NDMB was clearly afraid of the situation which would be created were this threat made good; it was perhaps even more afraid of appearing to bow down before Lewis's bullying. Its solution of the problem, however, was hardly heroic, for as I. F. Stone shows in his article on page 503, it tried to wriggle out of the dilemma by summing up in favor of the miners and then awarding the verdict to the steel companies. Did the board cherish a naive belief that Eugene Grace and his fellows would be convinced by the case it presented and grant the closed shop without further ado? If it did it overlooked the fact that for the steel magnates labor is a more immediate enemy than Hitler. Having enticed Lewis to lead the unions into an ambush where the Congressional gunners were waiting expectantly, why should they agree to an armistice?

What is to be done now? The President, having declared, mistakenly we believe, that government machinery cannot be used to enforce a closed shop, has ruled out coercion of the steel corporations. Yet the government cannot stand aside and let the issue be decided by a trial of economic strength. No government, however favorably inclined toward labor, could tolerate in an emergency such as exists today the indefinite paralysis of a key industry. Perhaps the army will be sent into the coal fields, but you cannot dig coal with bayonets, nor can you drive the men back to the pits with machine-guns. Talk about using the army is promoted, therefore, by a hope that, if picketing were prevented, large numbers of men would break with the union and filter back to work. It may prove, however, that union loyalty is too strong to fulfil these hopes, and at any rate no quick return of all the miners can be expected.

Moreover, the breaking of the miners' union by such means would have devastating effects on labor morale and would banish all hopes of an industrial truce during the emergency. And it would do much to reestablish the position of Lewis in the C. I. O., for although most of its members detest his isolationist views and his anti-Administration tactics, they cannot oppose him when he fights for basic union rights. This has been plainly illustrated by the unanimous support given to the miners at the Detroit meeting.

We hope that the President, therefore, will not seek a military solution, and we would urge him to attempt to find some new formula for the settlement of the dispute. Behind the demand for a closed shop in the mines is a desire to achieve union security. Could not this end be reached by a ten-year agreement between operators and the United Mine Workers, with provision for negotiations on wages and hours at regular intervals? This would safeguard the union's interests through the emergency period and forestall any attempt by the employers to use a possible post-war slump to break away from the obligations of collective bargaining.

The coal strike, together with the fast-approaching trouble on the railroads, illustrates the danger of attempting to deal with labor problems on a piecemeal basis. There is a crying need for a settlement on a broader front which will enable us to concentrate on the national emergency without perpetual interruptions. No good can come of any attempt to dragoon the workers into submission to their bosses by hysterical legislation. What is required is a tripartite treaty between government, labor, and industry. Such an agreement would necessarily involve the willingness of the unions to forgo some of the opportunities that the defense boom appears to offer them. But in return for any sacrifices they make they should be offered a quid pro quo. The President is reported to have put forward a plan modeled on that now in effect in Canada. It would guarantee present wages to workers in defense industries and guarantee increases to meet increased living costs. The unions in return would pledge themselves not to call strikes in defense industries. This proposal, it seems to us, needs a good real of amplification. For one thing, employers should be required to give very stringent guaranties against the use of a standstill period for undermining union organization. What is much more important, if labor is to be asked to forgo the use of its most important weapon and to check its drive for membership and a higher standard of living, it should also be brought into far closer association with the whole defense program.

As Philip Murray pointed out in his address before the C. I. O. convention, labor has been practically ignored in the administration of defense, while a "horde of representatives of the large corporations" have secured control of nearly all key positions and in far too many instances have used their power to safeguard their own interests. Mr. Murray once again put forward his plan for industry councils in which labor and management could meet on equal terms to decide the basic problems of defense production. He put it forward not as a definitive proposal but as a basis for discussion, and truly it deserves a great deal more consideration than it has yet received. For there can be no national unity, no genuinely cooperative effort by all parties contributing to defense, if labor is asked simply to keep quiet and obey orders. The battle of industry in which we are engaged is no Balaklava, and the enthusiasm of the men who will bear the heat of the day in factories and mines is not going to be aroused by commanding them "to do and die" while refusing any recognition of their ability to "reason why." The ranks of labor are now ready to engage in a fight to the finish with the menace of Hitlerism, as the C. I. O. convention has shown. It will be an unforgivable crime if that spirit is dampened by the blunderings of Congress or the obduracy of big business.

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End of a Myth

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

LAST Friday the House of Representatives adopted a declaration of naval war against the Axis powers. From now on Hitler in the West and Japan in the East face a new enemy force: the armed merchant ships of the United States carrying the yield of our factories and farms into the ports of the Allied belligerents under the escort of the United States navy.

This knowledge is in Hitler's mind as he draws the noose closer around the throat of the Vichy government. It is in the mind of Kurusu as he plunges into his negotiations with a more implacable State Department. The amendment of the Neutrality Act, though delayed, was a political act of incalculable strategic importance at the exact moment when it occurred. Its full consequences will be revealed in the decisions of the Axis leaders in the days immediately ahead.

For at last the United States has wiped out the pretense that it is a neutral in this war. That pretense has been an empty one ever since the Lend-Lease Act was passed, but it served as a cloak for appeasement-mongers and as a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of the interventionist majority. This nation could hardly be expected to spring as one man to its battle stations as long as the Panama flag flew at the masthead. From today onward the United States will do what it must do openly and with an undivided conscience. And this fact, coupled with the increased power that will be released, is enough to warn the Axis that its victories must be won quickly if they are to be won at all.

This is no less true because the decision in the House was made by the small margin of eighteen votes. If Hitler and the Japanese government choose to take comfort from that vote, they are more innocent than their record would indicate. They are not likely to make that mistake. They will squeeze out of the returns all the propaganda value possible, but they will base their policy on the reality behind them. The American people, by every sign, overwhelmingly approve the ending of the neutrality restrictions. They have backed every strong act of the government and have demonstrated their dislike for hesitation and obstacles to action. The vote in the House revealed an internal conflict which is shocking enough in the circumstances but which, at worst, is no true indication of public or even Congressional opinion on the actual issue presented by the Neutrality Act amendments. And it should be noted that a Congress so divided and so riddled with political infection that the President only dared ask for a single change in the act—to permit the arming of merchant ships—finally of its own will wiped out the much more serious provision against sending American ships into belligerent waters.

But granting Congress the measure of credit it narrowly earned, it is necessary to say flatly that the men who voted against the amendment for partisan reasons or because the bill failed to include provisions against defense strikes deserve the contempt of every man and woman in the country who desires the defeat of Hitler. If the measure had failed because a few more Congressmen had allowed their votes to be dictated by dislike of John L. Lewis or Franklin D. Roosevelt, the democratic process itself would have been discredited, and fascism would have won a major battle at home as well as abroad.

The Representatives who opposed the amendment on simple political grounds are beyond reach of argument. But those who voted against the bill because they disapproved of the Administration's handling of the labor problem presented a spectacle scarcely more edifying. Their motives may have been better, but their mental processes were more confused. In so far as they were sincere, and not merely hiding a general, irreconcilable opposition to the New Deal behind their concern over defense strikes, they betrayed an alarming readiness to put second things first. And in this they were guilty of exactly the same crime as John L. Lewis.

They argued that the further commitments to the Allied cause implied in the Neutrality Act amendments would be a positive danger so long as labor was permitted to hold up defense production at will. But this argument so nearly answers itself that one can hardly believe it was honestly advanced. Everyone knows that a large majority of organized labor supports the Administration's foreign policy. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. agree on that one point at least. The C. I. O., meeting this week in Detroit, gave equally unqualified support to the walkout in the captive mines and to the struggle against the Axis. Nor is the contradiction in this as great as it may appear to a Republican Senator or Congressman. Out of his own experience the average union member finds it easy to equate Hitler and Eugene Grace—as easy as it is for Senator Byrd to find a likeness between Hitler and Lewis. Both Senator and worker are wrong. Our domestic Führers are inferior ones who can be successfully and finally disposed of only if the war against the Axis is won.

The amendment of the Neutrality Law was a prerequisite to any measures which may be necessary to check labor disputes. Only when a country is openly and wholeheartedly engaged in a struggle will ordinary men sacrifice their ordinary rights. To reverse the sequence as opponents of the amendment tried to do—to say in effect, "We'll decide how far we want to get into this war when we are sure those union men will quit striking"—is to put the cart in front of the horse and then expect the horse to make good speed down the road.

Labor, as well as industry, will have to make many sacrifices if this war is to be fought through to the final

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defeat of fascism. The gangster tactics of John L. Lewis have created a division between labor and the Administration which was absolutely unnecessary and which put a powerful weapon into the hands of isolationists, reactionaries, and Adolf Hitler. The bad work was helped along by the mistakes of the Mediation Board and by the deliberate recalcitrance of the steel companies. To solve the problems precipitated in these past weeks will take patience and patriotism. The attempt to dispose of them by arbitrarily attaching a rider to a bill dealing with major international policy was shockingly irresponsible. Happily the attempt failed. The majority has decided, and the irresponsibles will quickly fall in line. For the great bulk of the country is behind the majority.

The Facts of the Coal Case

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 16

ONE does not expect surprise endings in quasi-judicial decisions. The opinion of the majority members of the National Defense Mediation Board in the captive-coal-mines dispute established a clear case in favor of the United Mine Workers of America—and then ruled against them. The majority found that 90 per cent of the bituminous coal industry is already operating under a union shop, and that 95 per cent of the workers in the open-shop captive mines are already members of the U. M. W. A., surely an ample majority. The U. M. W. A. wants the captive mines to accept the union shop in order to bring the entire industry under a uniform contract. The Mediation Board referred back to the declarations of the War Labor Conference Board in 1918 and to experience "in this country and abroad" to show that such industry-wide collective bargaining "leads to stable and mutually satisfactory industrial relations and to continuity of production."

The majority recorded with approval that in return for the union shop the union has established a scale of fines deductible from the wages of miners who violate the no-strike clause of the agreement. In speaking of the tiny number of non-members of the union in the mines, the board found it "hard to think of a reason why the individual should persist in refusing to join the union." In the board's opinion, "these individuals could make a great contribution to untroubled labor relations in the coal industry and to the national welfare in this period of crisis by voluntarily joining the United Mine Workers of America, at least for the duration of this contract."

The steel industry fears a union shop in its captive mines as an entering wedge to a union shop in its steel mills and shipyards. This is understandable but unpersuasive. *As though it were about to decide for the miners,* the majority opinion sought to set these fears at rest. "Nor do we think," it said, "that a forthright decision on the facts by the board, under the circumstances of submission in this case, would serve or could be urged as a precedent in any industry in which these peculiar and exceptional conditions do not exist." This sounded as though the majority felt constrained to grant the union shop where so overwhelming a majority of both the workers and the industry had accepted it.

Is it possible, the majority asked, that acceptance of the union shop would have a bad effect on production in the captive mines? "The operators concerned in the present dispute," it continued, "were unable to give any direct evidence on that point." The testimony of commercial operators already working under the union shop showed "no perceptible detrimental effect upon the efficient operation of the mines, while the penalty clause has to some extent, but not entirely, prevented the interruption of production." The majority came to the conclusion that "from this immediately practical point of view . . . it would seem to be the part of wisdom for the operators involved in this dispute to accept the offer of the United Mine Workers with its added assurance of full and uninterrupted production at the mines throughout the period of the contract."

On the basis of these findings a decision for the U. M. W. A. would seem inescapable. The board, as pointed out by the minority, had already set a precedent for such a decision in a case where the facts were, if anything, less overwhelmingly on the side of the union. In the West Coast shipbuilding case, the Bethlehem Steel Company had declined to accept the closed shop provided for the West Coast shipyards in an agreement covering the rest of the industry in that area; 80 per cent of the industry was operating under a closed shop. The board in that case ruled unanimously that "the master agreement is the product of industry-wide collective bargaining . . . approved as an instrument for stabilizing working conditions and contributing to the uninterrupted production of ships." It found that 24,000 of the 30,000 workers in the yards were already covered by the agreement and decided that the remaining 6,000, employed by Bethlehem Steel, ought to come under it too. "On the merits," Philip Murray and Thomas Kennedy wrote in the captive-mine minority opinion. "There is no

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basis for distinguishing the captive-coal case from the Bethlehem Steel case." If Bethlehem can operate with a closed shop in its West Coast yards, if Tom Girdler can accept a union shop at the New York Shipyard, if Jones and Laughlin and Inland Steel can accept the union shop in their captive mines, why can't the big steel companies do so? The question put by Murray and Kennedy remained unanswered by the majority.

The most tortured part of the majority's tortured reasoning is its discussion of the Wagner Act. It finds that the Wagner Act does not preclude either the union shop or the closed shop. "But," it says, "the clear consensus of the discussions of the Wagner Act was that such labor agreements should be arrived at by collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike—not by governmental compulsion." From this not too lucid statement derives the President's own highly partial declaration Friday, in the midst of negotiations, that "the government of the United States will not order . . . a so-called closed shop." When this was coupled with Mr. Roosevelt's warning that he would not permit a mine shutdown, it became the broadest kind of wink to the steel companies. This is hardly "collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike." It is governmental compulsion exercised to block a union shop in the captive mines.

The Mediation Board cannot ask unions not to strike and at the same time tell them that they cannot obtain a union or closed shop by mediation but only as a result of "collective bargaining with full retention of the right to strike." To do so is to encourage strikes and to discredit mediation. Nor is it helpful when Mr. Roosevelt turns disingenuous and says that to force the 5 per cent minority of holdouts into the union "would be too much like the Hitler methods toward labor." This is to confuse majority rule with dictatorship, and to arouse unpleasant memories of the company towns, company stores, and company unions with which these same steel companies before 1933 provided a preview in miniature of the Third Reich.

If I have stuck so closely to the facts of the decision itself, it is because they are being overlooked in endless discussions of Lewis's motives, the war, and questions of policy high and low. The Mediation Board ruled as it did because it was afraid of the steel trust. "We could take over the Kearny shipyard," one board official said to me, "but we couldn't take a chance on confronting the President with a challenge to take over the whole steel industry." Admittedly, the board was in a tight spot, facing a fight whichever way it ruled. Since expediency could not save it, it might have tried the luxury of an honest decision. That would have had one virtue: it would not have handed an air-tight issue to the one first-rank American labor leader who stands for appeasement.

What the Maneuvers Showed

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

OUR army has made marked progress since the fall of France. Prodded by critical articles in the press and disturbed by their own experiences with masses of men, its leaders have at least realized that their task is to produce a good army as well as a large one, and they are turning military flabbiness into military muscle. The recent maneuvers revealed definite improvement, though they also exposed great deficiencies in some fields.

Intelligent centralized direction based upon known needs has been badly lacking. The President has yet to proclaim a military policy requiring for its implementation an army of definite size and type. A million and a half of our best men have gone into the service and unlimited sums have been spent for armament—to prepare for what? To defend the Western Hemisphere our present force is probably more than adequate. But if the army is to be used in the Eastern Hemisphere, in active opposition to the designs of the Axis—and Hitler's eventual defeat may well require this—our generals would do well to multiply all present plans by four and forget about an army to be used mainly for defense. The solution of this military puzzle is essential to intelligent planning. Instead of working on the problem of how to meet a large-scale invasion of the United States, a problem which assumes that our entire navy and air force have been knocked out, the army should concentrate on tasks which it may with some likelihood be called upon to face. Clarification of its *raison d'être* would also help to solve its problems of morale.

Perhaps the best feature of our new army is its personnel. Careful selection has produced soldiers of much higher mental and physical caliber than those of the first World War. In this respect probably no army on earth measures up to the American. The new men have shown a typically American aptitude for mechanics and when complex modern weapons have been given them have developed decided proficiency in their use. Few of the men, however, enjoy military life or intend to remain in the army any longer than necessary. The more intelligent are frankly bored, and some would prefer actual war to

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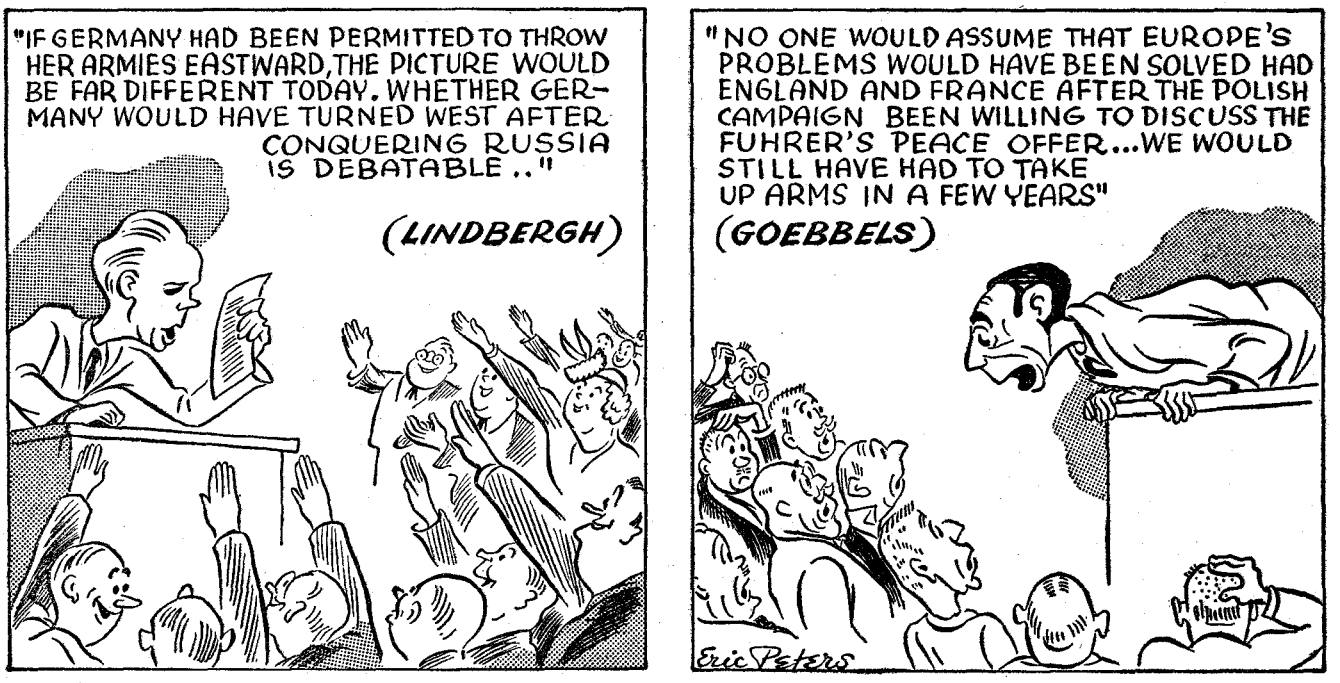
their present situation. Most observers report that discipline is extremely slack. The pride of corps characteristic of the navy and marine corps is found in the armored divisions and army air force but is largely lacking elsewhere. Poor classification of men and failure to use their civilian skills have heightened their feeling of dissatisfaction. Moreover, after more than a year there is still a shortage of equipment in some fields, and it is hardly surprising that men use stove-pipe cannon and wooden machine-guns without enthusiasm.

In tactics the American army is learning fast. Our generals have often been justly criticized for their failure to make use of air support for tanks and infantry though American officers conceived the essentials of the blitzkrieg and the army air corps practiced dive-bombing years before the Germans made use of either. In the last maneuvers, in frank imitation of the Germans, our army leaders attempted to employ tanks and planes in conjunction and to give aerial help to infantry operations. Efforts were also made to find an answer to the plane-tank team, and in point of fact the armored divisions were largely defeated in the maneuvers; this result, however, in the opinion of many was without significance since the scales were heavily weighted against the tanks by natural obstacles of terrain. Aerial support for the army was enormously better than in the 1939 and 1940 maneuvers, but it still showed rough edges—the time between request for support and its arrival ran in some cases to nearly three and a half hours. In actual war a detachment in need of support for so long a period might well be wiped out. At best we are merely catching up with the Germans in tactics; to defeat them we shall have to go infinitely farther.

The status of armored, mechanized divisions is still an unsolved organizational problem. The armored forces have been the spearheads of every victory in Europe, not excluding Russia. Yet in our army they have still no independent status equal to that of the other branches, and they have actually grown at a slower rate than the army as a whole. And this is true despite the fact that the world's leading military critics are substantially in agreement with Hanson Baldwin's conclusion that an "army which does not have a large proportion of its strength organized in tank divisions and motor-transported or quick-moving infantry is an obsolescent army, probably a doomed army." This is not to argue that tomorrow's army must be composed exclusively of panzer divisions. Other branches are indispensable, but the armored forces should instantly be accorded the primacy which their success in war has fully justified. As yet they suffer from intra-service jealousies resulting from their having been earlier either mechanized cavalry or infantry tank support.

The army's worst organizational problem, however, is the air force. The relationship has never been a happy one. The air corps has felt that the needs of aviation were being overlooked by a reactionary High Command, while the army commanders have pointed to the greater pay of aviators, their uncooperative attitude, and their habitual non-attendance at military maneuvers. Several bills providing for a separate air force are now before Congress, fathered by enthusiasts who wish to make aviation into an independent striking force of great strength. From the purely military standpoint their enactment would be a mistake. What we need is greater cooperation, not further division, within our armed forces.

Supply and administration have long evoked unbridled criticism from active field officers. In the 1939 and 1940


"IF GERMANY HAD BEEN PERMITTED TO THROW HER ARMIES EASTWARD, THE PICTURE WOULD BE FAR DIFFERENT TODAY. WHETHER GERMANY WOULD HAVE TURNED WEST AFTER CONQUERING RUSSIA IS DEBATABLE .."
(LINDBERGH)
"NO ONE WOULD ASSUME THAT EUROPE'S PROBLEMS WOULD HAVE BEEN SOLVED HAD ENGLAND AND FRANCE AFTER THE POLISH CAMPAIGN BEEN WILLING TO DISCUSS THE FUHRER'S PEACE OFFER...WE WOULD STILL HAVE HAD TO TAKE UP ARMS IN A FEW YEARS"
(GOEBBELS)
Eric Peters

Goebbels Outgoebbeled

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maneuvers breakdowns in both were frequent; in 1941 a great improvement was effected, but weaknesses were still apparent. The chain of command by which orders were supposed to run from general to privates revealed many weak links, and all too frequently commands never reached the troops in the field. Elimination of red tape and further decentralization of command are pressing necessities. Today more than forty distinct steps must be taken before the army can adopt a new weapon. At a time when talented officers are all too rare many are in charge of routine matters which could be more sensibly attended to by ordinary non-coms.

But by far the greatest weakness of the army stems from the defects of its leaders, from the Department of War down. These defects are due either to the poor quality of the men who make up our officer corps or to a military system which has frequently prevented the best possible use of the material available. Vital for insuring good leadership in any system is a reasonably valid method of promotion. This the American army has never had. Officers in the regular army still receive promotion on a basis of seniority—after having served for a minimum length of time, usually seven years, in their rank and passed routine examinations. Efficiency reports are also weighed, but since these are largely concerned with an officer's proficiency in the minutiae of military housekeeping and discipline rather than with the force or originality of his mind, they do not provide valuable criteria. Only to men above the rank of colonel does any real promotion by selection come. The retirement age is sixty-four, with field duty, in present practice, given up at least two years earlier.

Judged by results, the method has been a failure. It has tended to promote rigidity of outlook and attention to details rather than a broad study of the higher arts of war; the United States army was in each case nearly the last important army to adopt machine-guns, planes, tanks, and other military improvements too numerous to mention. It has meant that our generals are almost all old men. Plenty of youth, vigor, and the spirit of innovation are to be found in the army—the *Infantry Journal*, to mention only one service publication, is strongly progressive—but too many of the natural leaders and progressive military men are still in subordinate positions where their ideas can have little influence.

The system of advancement for officers of the reserve and the National Guard has had even worse results. The National Guard has long been closely connected with state governments, and many of its officers owe their advanced rating to political favoritism. In consequence they are too frequently devoid not only of possibilities for leadership but even of any soldierly qualities. These officers are the ones who in maneuvers bring out sloppy, discontented outfits ever ready to protest to their Congressman. Senator Bennett Clark's recent attack upon General Lear after he had demoted a relative of Senator Truman's affords an excellent illustration of the difficulty of weeding out unfit material.

In *The Nation* of June 28 last I urged as solutions to the problem of bad officers: (1) drastic purging of the inefficient, (2) adoption of a system of promotion based on merit rather than seniority, and (3) up-grading of leaders of proved ability. Since then the army has made a rather hesitant start toward the first and has admitted the desirability of the second, but has as yet done little in the direction of rapid advancement of its ablest officers. Its purge of inefficient leaders has accomplished some good. Physically inadequate and aging men have been retired to less active service. Many others have been reclassified. Unfortunately, most of these changes have so far affected only officers of the regular army, who are, after all, the least inefficient in the service. Until recently the National Guard has been scarcely touched. Further, the "purge" has not yet reached the High Command, where intellectual rigor mortis is fairly general.

Even if the army, without civilian help, straightens out its leadership tangle, our military system will still lack the efficiency of Germany's. Unified direction, coordination of all branches, is urgently needed. Each section of the army has a strong tendency, fostered partly by training, to think of itself as separate from the others. An officer's own section comes first in his interest and affection. In sharp contrast to those extremely able men on the German General Staff who are equally at home in directing land, sea, or air warfare, many of our higher officers are very poorly informed concerning conditions and operations outside of their own specialty. Actual experience in maneuvers has probably somewhat widened their view, but deliberate efforts should be made to produce commanders intelligently cognizant of the possibilities of all methods used to win wars.

If there has been little cooperation within the army, there has been less between the different branches of our national defense. Relations between the army and the navy are far from cordial, and many joint maneuvers in the past have been accompanied with bickering and recriminations. In the last few months the two services have worked on such joint enterprises as landing operations, but the machinery to insure the efficient coordination of the two forces is so completely lacking that success in such projects can be said to depend almost entirely on the relations of the local commanders.

Our army is not yet ready for war, but at last some of its greatest faults are being openly recognized and their solution sought. Informed criticism has played no small role. Progress has been made, though not fast enough to keep pace with the deterioration in conditions abroad. We must do better in the future if we are to construct a people's army that is worthy of the best traditions of a great nation.

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A Knight Without Fear

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

FACING a New York audience twenty years ago, Henry Nevinson wondered why it was that he had been chosen to represent a great newspaper in Washington for the first international conference on the limitation of navies. He answered by assuming the reason to be that he, a man of peace, had made the larger portion of his income for half a lifetime by writing about war. That was true. He had become the honored elder among English special correspondents. He had known more soldiers and witnessed more wars than any other man of his time, had observed the fight for freedom in almost every country, and was moreover the most accomplished writer in the brigade of reporters. On the ninth of November he died, in the Cotswold Hills, eighty-five years old, his life abundantly fulfilled, secure in the affectionate admiration of friends all over the world.

Henry W. Nevinson

Henry W. Nevinson went to Shrewsbury School and to Christ Church College, Oxford. He was as complete a product of the "grand old fortifying" classical education as you could find. He said that he left the university knowing nothing but Greek and the "Golden Treasury" of English lyrics. This, as Matthew Arnold might have said, was his own heightened and telling way of putting it, but the broad fact is there: he had everything to learn about the world when, in his early twenties, stimulated by the reading of Carlyle, he went to Germany. A term of residence at the new Toynbee Hall in the 1880's brought him into contact with the grim realities of East London, and confirmed his belief in discipline as an imperative element in the democratic community. Long afterward he was a faithful, though unorthodox, member of the Labor Party.

It was Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle* (and afterward of the London *Nation*) who enlisted him in journalism and sent him to Greece for the sharp little war with Turkey in 1897. Thereafter Nevinson was a war correspondent. He missed the Russo-Japanese conflict, and indeed never saw the Far East. With that exception he went through every important campaign until the Armistice of 1918. He never, I think, cared much about news scoops. It was the theater of conflict, and the unending tragedy of arms and the man, by which he was enthralled. Soldiers and the military life were irresistible to him, and for the old regular British Army he cherished a deep and humorous regard. It seemed to him a fact of profound significance that he should have been at Mons in 1914 and standing on the same spot for the final volley four years later.

Nevinson delighted in the drudgery of a newspaper; there were few pages of a daily that he could not contribute to and adorn. He was a finished craftsman and a joyous colleague. For two distinguished English editors he had unbounded admiration—H. W. Massingham, and C. P. Scott of the Manchester *Guardian*. He served them both with a soldier's unquestioning devotion, believing them to be higher in rank than almost any statesman.

He never called himself anything but a journalist; yet it would not have been easy to find in England a more versatile and thorough man of letters. His literary life covered almost sixty years, and his work was excellent, or surpassingly good, in every field that he entered. His record of the fateful Dardanelles campaign gives him a place among the eminent military historians. His centennial tribute to Goethe is a perfect monograph. His autobiography, the "Changes and Chances" trilogy, is an extraordinary—and revealingly reticent—narrative. I have heard it described by a young rival as a memorial of the most romantic, the most satisfying and enviable, career of modern times. His best essays, and he wrote hundreds in all, are unsurpassed for dexterity and wit and a balanced grace of style. There is no finer prose rhythm than his in the English writing of the past half-century. And who having read it could forget the delicate irony of his "Good-bye, America"?

It is not, however, as writer but as man of action that we think now of Henry Nevinson. He was in the high tradition of chivalry, a knight without fear. A struggle for right and freedom in any land drew him like a magnet. His heroes and heroines were those in every age who held the faith and kept it to the end. It used to be rather common in England to hear Nevinson referred to as the champion of every lost cause; and once he turned upon those who thus characterized him with a brilliant proof that the things he stood for were always winning: for example, the smaller nations of Europe, the freedom of Ireland and India, the full responsible citizenship of

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women, liberty and opportunity for the manual worker.

How cruelly that demonstration dates the witness of this splendid citizen and particularly the last strokes he was able to deliver in humanity's war of liberation! High-hearted to the end, his dream was that he might live to greet the returning dawn. No one among us would care to say that he was not fortunate in the hour of his farewell.

To Anglo-Mexican Friendship

BY EDUARDO VILLASENOR

Mexico City, November 8

THE recent resumption of diplomatic relations between England and Mexico is something which should have been done long before. The war news from England often takes me back to the days of my pleasant stay in London—to the Mall, the park, Piccadilly, to evening lessons at my London school and endless visits to museums and monuments, to the quiet life of the English countryside. And then, suddenly, I realize how strange it is that two countries with so many common goals should have parted company for three years. For Mexico is now truly a democracy; gone are the old days of tyranny and revolution.

In the international field Mexico has always taken an independent, even daring course. Unlike Great Britain, Mexico never recognized the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. At the outbreak of the Spanish civil war it was the only country on the American continent to side openly with the Republican government—in striking contrast to the European democracies—and it has not yet recognized Franco's government. Mexico anticipated the dangers that England itself had to recognize later. No country, in fact, could more properly be considered a natural ally of Great Britain's. How is it, then, that until a few days ago Mexico and Great Britain were without diplomatic relations?

Early in 1938 Mexico expropriated certain properties of oil companies that were largely owned by British subjects. The British minister thereupon submitted to the Mexican government a note in which, besides urging it to undo an act of sovereignty, he commented on the domestic economic condition of Mexico and on its internal debt. No such blunder had been made by British diplomacy for a century; no better occasion could have been afforded for the ending of a discussion and the delivery of his passport to a British minister. For it was not Great Britain that broke off relations with Mexico, as most people seem to believe; it was Mexico that recalled its minister from London as a protest against the awkward meddling of the British minister in the internal affairs of Mexico. Naturally, Great Britain refused to acknowledge its minister's error at the time, although I have an idea that it would admit it today.

Many persons have doubtless wondered why Mexico has not yet paid for the expropriated property. The answer is that every effort to assess the value of this property has met with a definite refusal to discuss it on the part of the companies. The explanation can be found in a brief review of events.

Some time before the expropriation of the oil properties took place, the Shell Oil Company worked out a financial plan which in effect robbed its Mexican subsidiary—the Mexican Eagle Company—of its real worth. First, all Mexican Eagle's foreign assets were transferred to another company, the Canadian Eagle, a transaction which robbed the Mexican company of 60 per cent of its current assets. Shares of Canadian Eagle stock were distributed to shareholders of the Mexican company at the ratio of one share of Canadian for every share of Mexican Eagle. Second, the Mexican Eagle Company agreed to sign a contract with the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company, a subsidiary of Shell Oil, for the sale of practically all of Mexican Eagle's output on a discount basis. By this arrangement all of Mexican Eagle's current profits were transferred to the Shell Oil Company. Finally, the Mexican company agreed to put all its operations permanently under the control and management of the parent company.

With all profits transferred either to Canadian Eagle, by the exploitation of all properties outside of Mexico, or to the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company, by means of discounts on the output of the Mexican properties, Mexican Eagle stock lost most of its value. But the directors of Shell Oil were not concerned about the market value of Mexican Eagle. They do not care now whether or not the owners of Mexican Eagle get any payment from the Mexican government as compensation for the expropriated properties. The only thing the directors of Shell Oil care about is their ability permanently to exploit Mexican Eagle's properties by means of the sales contract with the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company. Even the restoration of its properties to Mexican Eagle would leave Shell Oil cold if the old exploitation contracts were not restored as well.

Besides, who are the present holders of Mexican Eagle stock? Is it still in the hands of the Canadian Eagle or

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Shell stockholders? Knowing that the Mexican company had been drained of most of its assets, did they resist the temptation to dispose of their stock while it still had market value? The great drop in the value of these shares probably occurred when they were no longer in the hands of their former holders. It follows that any settlement between Mexican Eagle, which is a *Mexican* company, and the Mexican government could hardly set a higher price for the shares than their depreciated market value; and any hope of swelling the value of the assets by adding what was transferred to Canadian Eagle or the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company should be abandoned once and for all.

The poor British stockholder of Mexican Eagle, if any such exists, is not the former important person who found a ready listener in any British official; he cannot now make himself heard. Consequently, any information or opinion in British circles regarding a possible Mexican Eagle settlement is always the outcome of a chat between a British official and an official of the Shell—a pair of old school ties—not between a British official and any present holder of Mexican Eagle stock, already devalued by Shell financial manipulations.

In the case of the American companies, the Mexican government has accepted the good offices of the State Department to try to bring about an agreement, but it has never recognized the right of the American government to demand the reversal of a decision of the Mexican government, nor, indeed, has the American government ever made such a demand. How could such a demand be considered, then, from a foreign government, not on behalf of a foreign company, but on behalf of a Mexican one—the Mexican Eagle?

That the British government has been until lately adamant in defense of its ex-minister's blunder is very clear. It takes a long time for any Britisher to acknowledge his own mistakes. It took the British government two years to recognize that its appeasement policy, and especially its policy in Spain, had been a great mistake, but one sees now that all the obduracy and resolution of the British people have been put to work to make up for the old error. It was a mistake for the British minister to send a note which provoked Mexico to break off relations with Britain; it has been a mistake to look at the oil dispute from the point of view of the Shell Oil Company and not from that of the holders of devalued Mexican Eagle shares; it has been a very great mistake not to let the Mexican government bring from Italy the two oil tankers—paid for before the war—which Britain insisted on leaving in Italy for Mussolini to make good use of; it has been a mistake to consider that the way out of the British-Mexican dispute was to make Mexico come to its senses before British might and righteousness. But it is a matter of rejoicing that the first step toward clearing up these misunderstandings has at last been taken.

Mexico has been able to live without diplomatic relations with Britain, as it has lived at times without diplomatic relations with its great neighbor, the United States, or as it might live without any relations with Nazi Germany. Mexico could live until the end of the world without diplomatic relations with England. But it is absurd that the only country which did not commit Great Britain's mistake of compromising with the Fascists in Italy and Spain should not be on good terms with a country which is now fighting not only for its empire but for that goal which mankind has always praised above everything—liberty.

Let us hope for a still better understanding from now on, a lasting friendship, a clear sky, so that we may say—without regret—England, my England.

Night over Europe

BY CARL SANDBURG

There is night over Europe.
The sun goes down and the stars come out
and it is night—one kind of night—
the old eternal night.
Frameworks of fixed planets, familiar forms
of moving constellations—they come out
after sundown—saying sweet night—saying
good-night.
Or the disc of a full gold moon comes up over
Europe, a young moon giving lights and music
to singers and lovers.
Or a baby crescent moon sails with its slow silver
curve of promise to the young, assurance to the
old.
This is the night that was over Europe, with a North
Star never failing, with coordinations telling men
to fight and hope.
Now this night comes with smoke and shame, with fire
and tears between men and stars, between singers
and the moon, between those hunting the North Star
and hoping to find it again.
Night and the rats sing, the rats live fat, the rats
tell the stars nothing wrong, nobody home, every-
thing looks pretty.
And yet—once in a while—here and there—a rat weeps—
a rat sits alone in ashes and looks up at stars and
the moon rolling in smoke—over and over the rat
cries: "Yes, maybe there is something to laugh at—
for me it's crying time—and I'll be crying here
tomorrow and the day after. If you meet anybody
that used to know me, tell 'em you saw me here
crying and tomorrow it will be the same. I will be
alone here in my own peculiar and personal ashes—
crying till the stars and the moon come clean again."

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The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VI. The Scattered Flock (Part 2)

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS. *The rumor that Italy has entered the war spreads quickly through the Sicilian fishing village of San Filippo; with it runs the story of how the goatherd, Maniscalco, has been thrown out of a wine-shop the night before for declaring that neither King nor Duce shall have his son Carmelo for their wars. The arrival of a Fascist officer in a coast-guard cutter turns the rumor of war into fact and brings swift changes. The officer dismisses the old easy-going harbor master and orders the fleet to put out its lights and turn back. Maniscalco, standing with his two sons on the hill pasture above the village, sees the lights go out and swears again that "they" shall pay. A few nights later on the hill pasture, Maniscalco's two sons, Carmelo and Brasi, await the return of their father, who is being hunted by the Fascisti and has been roaming the countryside for several days. Lemon trees have been slashed, goats hamstrung, a well polluted. All these acts are attributed to Maniscalco, who has become for the peasants a legendary figure known as the Blackbeard. The boys discover that Nunzio Chiesa, a former agrarian agitator who has gone over to the Blackshirts, is watching at the edge of the pasture. Maniscalco appears, asks for food, then disappears again; but at midnight the boys discover that he has returned, wounded, and is killing his own goats. Carmelo finally brings him to his senses and swears solemnly to avenge him. Maniscalco tells Carmelo to take the goats to another pasture and runs away again. The boys hear Chiesa stumbling against the hurdles of the corral.*

CHIESA did not approach the Maniscalco lads until the following afternoon when they drove the herd over the skyline. He was waiting upon the other side. Rifle in hand, he waited until they had passed, then fell in behind them. Brasi faced about, hand upon knife. Chiesa lowered the carbine muzzle toward the boy.

"What has my father done to you, *sbirro?*" The offensive word, the most contemptuous of insults, did not move Chiesa.

"Go on, wherever you are going."

"You will be after the reward."

"Who told you there was a reward."

"There will be." It was in the ballads and bandit tales that rewards were always offered to *sbirri.*

"Get on with you."

"Go slow, Carmelo," Brasi muttered when they continued on their way. "Take all day, then at night I can get behind him and kill him."

"Good! but I shall do the killing."

"I shall do it."

"Child, thou'll't do as I command thee," Carmelo said sternly.

"*Porca carne . . .*" Brasi began.

"Blasphemer," Carmelo exclaimed hotly and struck the boy, heavily.

For more than an hour the dogs would not tolerate Chiesa's presence and loitered sniffing and growling beside him as he slouched gloomily along. Only once he spoke to the boys. That was at the top of the gullies beyond The Walnuts when a score of goats strayed away and descended a gully, going back to the small wheat fields on that estate.

"The goats are wandering," he called.

"Thou couldst not herd dead grasshoppers," Brasi sneered.

"Let him bide, Brasi," Carmelo muttered. "But fetch the goats. And take your time." As soon as the boy had leaped into the gully, anxiety made Carmelo sweat. The gully would lead his brother back behind Chiesa, who was standing upon the crest of the undulation of earth. He feared that the youngster would attempt to assault Chiesa. He retraced his steps and the goats scattered. The animals did not wander far, for they were puzzled by the disorderly march and had no heart for perversity. Chiesa did not speak, but pivoted on his heels as Carmelo passed him. He kept the rifle point lowered at Carmelo's legs. A few of the goats climbed out of the gully, though Brasi was not to be seen. For several minutes Carmelo watched. Then he began to call the goats. The dogs trotted toward him, heads up, tongues lolling, awaiting orders.

"Down," Carmelo signaled, and uncomprehendingly they lowered their bellies to the scorching stones.

Carmelo heard the stone whirring through the air. It struck Chiesa full in the mouth with terrific force. He staggered. Gasping through his torn lips and broken teeth, he swung his rifle butt at Carmelo and missed by a forearm's length. The force of his blow swung him off balance, and the second stone hit him on the crown of his head. He sank to his knees and aimed at Carmelo, finger upon trigger. The elder boy had drawn his knife and was poised to leap.

"Stand back," Chiesa gasped, but though a third stone toppled him over he did not fire. When Brasi came leaping over the stone heaps, knife in hand, he slowly dragged himself to his feet and tottered back a pace.

"Lay off, devil. Come near me and I'll kill your brother." The blood streamed from his mouth. The

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upper lip had been cut through to the gums and was almost severed. Chiesa struggled to hold consciousness, but though his head drooped forward twice and he was on the point of collapsing, they saw him rally and achieve mastery over his body.

"Go on. Drive the goats," he mumbled, and motioned them onward with short jerks of the rifle butt. The muzzle he did not move, but kept it trained upon Carmelo.

"He had me covered, Brasi," Carmelo said as they were crossing the waterless and shadeless plain that lay behind the undulation.

"The stones weren't heavy enough and I couldn't stand up to sling the first one."

"You threw it from the ground?"

"Kneeling."

"Thou'rt a miracle with the sling, son."

"I shall kill him yet. Look, his head will be aching like blazing hell. He's still bleeding. Let us stop out there in the middle where the lime earth is. The heat will drive him crazy."

"Good. We'll go fast now to break his heart."

"Let us divide the herd. Give me the bitch, Carmelo, and I'll take a part of the herd this way. You go that way. We'll meet at the lime earth."

"Good. If he threatens you with the rifle don't be afraid, son. He won't shoot. He's afraid to take blood on his hands. You can say the beasts are tired."

When after three hours of wandering on the blistering plain Chiesa at last broke down and begged for water, the boys refused him. Carmelo gave the water bag to his brother.

"Drink the water, Brasi."

"I'm not thirsty," the boy sneered. There was also boastfulness in his voice.

"Then pour the water on the ground." Scoffing at Chiesa, Brasi obeyed.

"What good will that do you?" Chiesa mumbled. The dried blood on his chin and his swollen mouth gave Brasi point for jest.

"What good will it do you to catch my father, bloody mouth? One of us will kill you this side of purgatory. Maybe before the sun is down. Then the birds will eat your eyes and your lips and your forsworn tongue. And nobody will find you to give you Christian burial."

"Fools!"

"It's you who are the fool. We shall kill you. Because you have no sons you do not know what a man's good sons will do."

"I had sons," Chiesa muttered.

"They're dead," Carmelo sneered; and Brasi added triumphantly, "Our father has two sons in life to avenge him."

Chiesa slouched away and sat upon a heap of white calcined earth. They also withdrew. For another hour Chiesa sat with drooping head in the middle of the plain.

Drawings by John Groth

There was not a particle of pity in the boys' hearts when they saw him lie down, his hands over his head.

"Wait," Carmelo said as Brasi's body twitched.

But Chiesa foiled them. His eyes were bloodshot and his hands trembled when he came up to them. The rifle bolt clicked authoritatively as it thrust a shell into the barrel. This time, so desperately enraged he was, there was no disobeying him.

"Go slow, Carmelo."

"Yes. We'll get him on the hummocks at the top of the Grasshopper Slopes. It'll be dark by then."

"Go by the Raven Hill, Carmelo. There are heavy stones with sharp edges."

"Good."

Again Chiesa got the better of them. He came within two paces of them. "Enough of this nonsense. Take the goats to The Walnuts. We'll stay there the night." There, in the great rundown building, among Mori's farmhands, Chiesa would be safe.

"We're not going to The Walnuts. There is no pasture there at this time of the year."

"Then hurry, wherever you're going. But pass by The Walnuts and after that by Rocca Bianca farm. If you're going beyond that you'll go by St. Pasquale's chapel."

There would be harvesters lodged around the chapel the boys knew. Brooding over their defeat, they whistled to the dogs and set their course for the valley head.

"Ah, Mori's other place. The Four Carob Trees, eh?" Chiesa exulted. Yet there was something missing from his triumphant exclamation, as if his victory were only over them.

"Throw down your knives and your slings," Chiesa ordered, accustomed now to the gun's authority. In that he blundered. Carmelo kept his eyes upon Brasi as he turned out his sling, the old one, not the birthday present he himself had given the boy but a few days ago.

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"So now you'll play the fool? You've given me a nice headache, if that pleases you."

"There are worse aches than that of the head," Carmelo said.

"Eh, what is the use to quarrel, boy?"

"The matter is beyond quarreling."

And when they were mounting the last ridge and the chuff and clack of the threshing machine could be heard and the heavy stone stuck Chiesa at the base of his skull and he rolled over a little escarpment of basalt, his life was saved only because the *fattore* and the manager of the threshing-machine company came riding up the hill into sight.

"Let him lie, Brasi. We'll come back when it is dark, in another half-hour."

"Good. It was a heavy stone. He shall die this evening, if he's not already dead."

No sooner had the *fattore* caught sight of them than he rode hard to the valleyward side of the ridge and blew a whistle. A few minutes later the boys were arrested and locked in a barn. The goats were placed in the care of the farm goatboy.

"What now, Carmelo? Do we burn the barn, like Red Head?"

"He had an ax and a gun and he first broke a hole."

"We'll . . ."

"We must not die."

"No. The Blackshirts are here. I saw them. This will be their business."

"Yes. Whatever father did, he must have done it against them. They would not hunt him if it were not so. They would leave it to the police."

The machine stopped. They heard the tools being laid away. The rattle of the weighing machine and the grunts of the men moving the sacks of wheat were the only noises of work. Soon they also stopped. The noise of dishes and pails resounded across the great yard. The door was unlocked and they were ordered out.

"Don't run," Carmelo whispered.

"No, better not run, *latitante,*" Antonio Mori said. Around them in the darkness a dozen figures stood. In the faint moonlight the goatherds saw that they were Blackshirts.

"Take them away from the house," Mori ordered; "where we can be alone. Over among the sheafs."

At the very edge of the level area upon which Four

[*Continued on page* 521]

In the Wind

AMERICA FIRST has devoted a good deal of its recent propaganda to spreading the story that the President plans to call off the 1942 Congressional elections. Last week America First leaders in Washington started to draw up lists of Congressmen they will oppose in the 1942 elections.

CARL SKOGLUND, an official of the Teamsters' Union and one of the defendants in the Minneapolis sedition trials, will face deportation proceedings even if he is acquitted in Minneapolis. Skoglund, a Swede, applied for citizenship in the period before the trial, when the government was building up its case against the defendants. He was approached at that time by Henry Harris, a member of the A. F. of L. faction in the union, and told that if he would join that group the FBI would put through his citizenship papers. Skoglund refused, and was soon notified of his impending deportation.

PRESSURE is being put on the Rapp-Coudert committee, which is supposed to study subversive influences in New York schools but has so far confined its investigation chiefly to communism, to subpoena Professor Edward I. Fenlon of Brooklyn College. Fenlon is a frequent speaker at Christian Front and Coughlinite meetings.

IN A DEBATE on the merits of the Civilian Defense program, of which he is a director, Major General John F. O'Ryan was asked by a member of the audience how he squared his work on civilian defense with his frequent statements that the United States could never be invaded. "The program," answered General O'Ryan, "gives civilians an opportunity to learn of the graft and corruption in their home communities."

PETER V. CACCHIONE, who was elected to the New York City Council on the Communist ticket, owes his victory largely to those who voted the "Italian ticket." Cacchione picked up over 4,000 second- and third-choice votes, half his majority, from persons who checked only Italian names.

IT IS BELIEVED in Washington that Senator Wheeler is getting a good deal of the information on government plans used in his speeches from an America First member working under cover in Colonel Donovan's office.

A COMMITTEE of prominent Americans who supported Finland during its war with Russia but who now believe that Finland should make peace with the Soviets is being formed in New York City. Its organizers believe that many Finnish leaders, notably Risto Ryti, are sympathetic to the Hull peace plan and actually want the United States to apply more pressure.

[The $5 prize for the best item received in October goes to W. P. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the story about the local Republican Party sharing offices with America First, published on October 25.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Brotherhood Except for Negroes

WHATEVER else he may have lost in America—and it sometimes looks like everything—the Negro has not lost his sense of the dramatic. A. Philip Randolph, who marches at the head of all the Pullman porters, has just proved that in a way which ought to make the embattled railroad brotherhoods squirm.

On November 5 the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engine Men decided with the other big railroad brotherhoods that the recommendations of the President's emergency fact-finding board on their demands for higher wages were not satisfactory. Indeed, they felt, as they formally announced two days later, that the time had come to give the thirty-day notice required by law of a strike to begin on December 5, "exactly thirty days to the minute from the time the board handed its report to the President." December 5 was also exactly thirty days after A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, had written a letter to a good many Americans whom he considered friends of labor. In it he stated that by union contract Negro firemen in the South not only are not going to get more wages; they are going to be deprived of any wages at all—of any jobs.

Mr. Randolph may have chosen an embarrassing time to bring the question up; he also chose a dramatic time to suggest that the brotherhoods have a good deal to learn about brotherhood. Indeed, he made some of their present pleas for the masses of workers seem almost comic when he showed that the contract shutting the door in the face of Negro firemen went into effect on George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1941. The negotiations must have approached agreement on Abraham Lincoln's birthday ten days before. Just as the cause of white labor in this whole railroad-strike business may be, Mr. Randolph has made it look at least a little comic-greedy. The big brotherhoods are not only demanding a fairer share of the railroads' profits, but they have already prepared to take all the wages and hope of wages of Negro firemen.

This contract is the culmination of the long process of grabbing colored men's jobs in the engine cabs which has been going on for nearly two decades. In some lights it may be made to look like progress. Not many years ago down in Mississippi one way of getting rid of Negroes in these jobs was to shoot them off the engines. Now the result is attained without the necessity of a rifleman waiting in ambush in the pine trees for the train to go by. Indeed, all the "orderly processes" of negotiation and contract are preserved, but there are bullet holes where Negroes used to be working just the same. A paragraph written by informed Negroes from a Southern state that appeared in 1940 in "The Negro in Virginia" tells the story:

> Negroes are excluded from membership by constitutional provisions in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (AFL), and the Switchmen's Union of North America (AFL), although as recently at 1930, 211 Negro firemen were employed on Virginia railroads, and Negroes constituted about a third of the total number of brakemen and switchmen in Virginia. A movement to eliminate Negro trainmen began in the 1920's with the ardent support of white railway labor unions in Virgina, and so far as is known, there is not a Negro fireman or brakeman now employed by any Virginia railroad. A Negro was employed as a locomotive engineer on the Newport News shipyard railway but was discharged after working twelve days because the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which would not admit him to membership, threatened to call out the white engineers on strike.

That is not a very pretty story, even if it is an old one. And now it seems to me the story has come to a climax in the question whether those who demand justice are ready to give it, whether those who operate as brotherhoods are ready to be brotherhoods. However inadequate their pay may seem to them now, organized American railroad men have come a long way out of oppression in the years behind us. But at least their older members must remember how utterly arrogant, how careless of the welfare of the men down below them, the old tough-time railroad operators were. Some of them undoubtedly are tough still. But white railroad workers today cannot escape the question: Must it not seem now to a Negro fireman—a Negro ex-fireman—that the brotherhoods exercise the same sort of power with the same sort of inhuman indifference? The result is the same whether a man is starved to death by a brotherhood or a corporation or both together. The result is the same whether the man is black or white. And grabbing from a littler man will never seem any prettier merely because the grabbers work under the label of brotherhood. This label certainly looks no fresher when those who wear it ask for more wages in the same year that they have made it certain that the Negro firemen will get none.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Winged Words

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. With an Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Oxford University Press. $5.

SOME of the older quotation books are bulkier than this new one and hold more, but the real test is utility, and the function of the "Oxford" is carefully defined. Its purpose is not to make a complete collection of "gems," to supply harried writers with appropriate adornments, or even to discover bits that ought to be familiar quotations but so far have not been. The intention is to include only what is actually quoted in recent writing or at least very likely to be, and to provide a ready means of identifying it. The fact that nearly six hundred double columns of text in addition to the more than three hundred of index are included would seem to indicate that more literature is at the tips of writers' pens than the frequency with which the "like Topsies" turn up in respectable contexts sometimes leads one to believe; and the testing which I have been able to do has resulted in a good mark. Sydney Smith's helpful confession, "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so," is there, but Edward Young's "And some there are on scraps of learning dote/Who think they grow immortal when they quote" —which wouldn't be a bad monitory motto for the title-page—is not. "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love/ But why—did you kick me downstairs" I genuinely wanted to know about and found; "Comedy is the kiss given to common sense behind the back of respectability," which I was equally anxious to identify, isn't there. Persons having information please communicate.

Though it is intended for reference and not for reading I was reminded by a few hours' delightful browsing that such a book, when really well made, is better than most anthologies and most omnibuses. A college "survey course" which used it instead of the customary thick volume of "selections" might give students a rather higher opinion of both the profundity and the liveliness of literary expression in the English language, and I am not sure that it would really be much scrappier. Of course the emphasis is on poetry and wit, but that is not a bad emphasis, for it would not be too difficult to argue that ecstasy has seldom been maintained for more than a few lines or wisdom for more than a few sentences. There are more epigrams that really hold water than there are treatises which do the same, and the human mind, which has brilliant flashes, has rarely if ever encompassed a system not painfully inadequate. A few of Samuel Johnson's remarks, like this about Gray, "He was dull in a new way, and that made many people think he was great," may be unfair to their subjects but suggest a critical implement as effective as any supplied by any treatise on aesthetics I ever read. Or take the following from Sydney Smith: "Bishop Berkeley destroyed this world in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but mind; which experienced a similar fate from the hand of Mr. Hume in 1737." Does that leave much of either idealism or the *tabula rasa;* and isn't it better than both together?

Carl Van Doren contributes a short but interesting introduction on the subject of the whys and wherefores of quotation. The text itself raises in my mind the question whether or not it is more humiliating for a writer to be left out entirely or to survive by a single phrase to which all his labors have been now reduced. Sir Henry Morton Stanley has engraved four words on eternal brass, "Dr. Livingston, I presume?" Henry J. Sayers, concerning whom the compilers apparently do not know whether he is dead or living, calls out from the depths one thing and one thing only: "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." I always thought there was another "de" between the second "ra" and "boom."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

That Man in the White House

ROOSEVELT: DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT? By Gerald W. Johnson. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE difficulty about trying to show whether President Roosevelt is a dictator or a democrat is that there are not many neutrals who want to be convinced. To many Republicans it will seem absurd to suggest that Mr. Roosevelt is a small *d* democrat, and to most New Dealers it will seem equally absurd to suggest that he is a dictator. Thus those Republicans who pick up this book in the hope that That Man in the White House has at last been properly exposed are going to be deeply disappointed when they discover that Mr. Johnson regards him as a pretty thoroughgoing democrat, definitely in the American tradition in his faults as well as his virtues. As for Democrats and New Dealers, this book will strengthen them in the faith; and everybody will find it immensely readable.

Mr. Johnson makes a convincing argument. He disposes of two widely circulated accusations: first, that the New Deal was slipped over on the people, and, second, that it is alien to the American tradition. As for the first, he performs the useful service of examining the 1932 Democratic platform in detail. Mr. Johnson makes it clear that the 1932 platform, remarkably straightforward for a political document, was honored as to most of its promises, probably more than is the usual political platform. Thus a substantial part of the New Deal was in the 1932 platform, and if people didn't know it, they just had not been paying attention, which was no fault of Mr. Roosevelt's, for the part of the New Deal that was not in the platform was in his Commonwealth Club speech. Mr. Roosevelt said: "Our task now is not discovery or exploitation, or necessarily producing more goods. It is the soberer, less dramatic business . . . of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. . . . This is the common task of statesman and business man."

This adequately disposes of the charge that the New Deal

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was a hasty improvisation or a diabolical plot slipped over on an unsuspecting people. But was it alien to the American tradition? Mr. Johnson argues convincingly that it was not, that on the contrary it was an extension of governmental power in the same direction as previous extensions made by Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, and to a lesser extent by Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson. These extensions of power were made necessary by the restrictive nature of the original Constitution. Mr. Johnson properly points out that the checks and balances of our system, far from being calculated, as generally supposed, to protect the liberty of the individual against the menace of government, were in truth devised to protect the government against the menace of individual liberty. It should be added that this strongly protected government was intended to operate in the interest of the rich and well-born. But the instinct of the people was sounder than the self-interest of the Founding Fathers. The people immediately began to whittle away at the restrictions laid upon them in the Constitution, a process that must inevitably have led, unless thwarted or reversed, to something very much like the New Deal. The first step under Jefferson was the establishment of the right of the people to elect their own President without the effective intervention of any such agency as the Electoral College, which had been established for the purpose of preventing the people from electing their own President. The second step, taken under Jackson, was the establishment of the people's right, not merely to elect a President, but also to nominate one, and to choose one without reference to his membership in any class, caste, oligarchy, or faction. The third step, under Lincoln, was the demonstration of the people's power to pursue what they believe to be their own welfare regardless of any inhibitions that earlier generations have sought to impose on them, even in the Constitution. In 1932 a fourth step was taken. The announced purpose of the New Deal is to abolish the theoretical neutrality of government as between man and man and to convert it into an instrument in the hands of the masses to be used by them to promote their welfare. This is the goal toward which the American people have been aiming for a century and a half. They have often been turned aside from it, but they have never forgotten it.

Mr. Johnson is fully aware that when any society sets out deliberately to use government for the benefit of the masses, the instruments of power therefor created can also be used to manipulate the masses, and even to enslave them. Moreover, the President himself is aware of the danger. In his Message to Congress on January 3, 1936, he said: "In thirty-four months we have built up new instruments of public power. In the hands of a popular government this power is wholesome and proper. But in the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy such power would provide shackles for the liberties of the people." The final test will probably be delayed for several years. Right now, with the country embarked on an undeclared war, Mr. Roosevelt has promised that the social gains of the New Deal will not be lost, and the promise, let us hope, will be kept. But the main emphasis will now be on winning the war. When that is done, the New Deal no doubt will rise again, and then the new instruments of power, as well as the people themselves, will face their supreme test. The people have blundered before, as, for example, when they elected Grant, and Harding. But they also elected Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. All that anyone can say is that since the American people have shown fairly good judgment in the past, it is reasonable to expect them to show fairly good judgment in the future.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Wordsworth in Illinois

THE MAYFIELD DEER. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE work of Mark Van Doren stems from that of two thoroughly indigenous American poets: Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson. Although Mr. Van Doren has developed his own way of writing, it is interesting to note traces, in his latest narrative poem, of his debt to these older confrères. One finds here at once the delight in the details of the American rural scene and the American folk speech that belongs to Frost and the preoccupation with moral issues, the vague religiosity, and even the involute style of Robinson. The combination results in something peculiarly Mr. Van Doren's own.

The fable that serves as a warp for his metaphysical woof is a native thing which he took from the pages of an Illinois county history; and, oddly enough, after the poem was completed, had recounted to him by his illustrator's grandfather, who claimed to have heard the story as a boy on the Wisconsin frontier. It is sufficiently simple, and dramatic withal, to satisfy the appetite of Hollywood, and though it offers the poet a number of occasions for discourse far too subtle for the studios, it is too slight for Mr. Van Doren's large purposes. It has to do with the vengeance of an old hunter whose pet deer was killed by a boy. The hunter kept a horn of turkey bone in his belt to summon her, and said she could be recognized by her red flannel neckband and brass bell. He vowed to put a bullet through whoever was found to have shot his pet, "if it was seven years afterwards." The boy's neighbors knew that he had brought home the carcass of a deer wearing a red neckband and a brass bell, and feared for his safety. The county history tells no more of the story than that. Mr. Van Doren has dramatized the tale by imagining that the boy, whom he calls Seth Golliday, had killed the deer to give the trinkets it wore to his sweetheart, Nancy; that Richman, the hunter, discovered Seth's deed and shot him; that Seth's death was avenged by his brother David, who killed Richman; that Richman's eldest son, Daniel, then sought to execute summary justice for the murder of his father but was prevented by the Gollidays' good neighbors, chiefly the elvish Norwegian storekeeper, Thorsten; and the story concludes with the hint that the feud will yet have a happy ending in the eventual betrothal of Nancy and Richman's son, Daniel.

The tragedies involved in this tale of vengeance are real enough, but in the face of contemporary horrors, the story seems a shallow one, and the killings almost decent. This is partly because they are done out of a sense of fairness, however mistaken, and partly because the stress upon the ethical implications of vengeance, no less than the concern for the murdered shown by at least one of the murderers,

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and the facile happy ending make it all seem as remote as a fairy tale.

What adds to the element of unreality is the fact that the narrator, like Robinson or Henry James, has the habit of making his characters speak rather as he might than as they would. Aside from a few bits of dialogue as extravagant and authentically pungent as anything out of Paul Bunyan, the talk is entirely too poetic in a sophisticated way for the plain pioneers from whose mouths it issues. It strikes one as odd that a country doctor, in an effort to make his patient rest, should tell her:

> Now, lady,
> Lie; and let our clumsy sounds be such
> As come to listless ears on a blue day
> In summer when the sleeper on the grass,
> Beyond the velvet birds, beyond the wool
> Of clouds, can hear a thumping in the sky,
> A lazy, distant rumble as of rolling
> Thrones where heaven's room is disarranged.

The best passages are those in which Mr. Van Doren speaks eloquently in his own proper character of poet. What interests him, and what, in spite of the flaws in his performance, he manages to communicate to the reader, is his sense of the mystery that surrounds us, his Wordsworthian apprehension of the bond, of which only the religious can be fully sensible, between man and the universe, and his feeling for the significance, which even the skeptic will admit, of the humane values. He has much to say of what he calls "the near gods"—the *genius loci* and his fellows—who hover about men in moments of tension and deep awareness, and he has a good deal to say of the God whom he rarely names but whom he evokes clearly enough as the one for whom "men cannot speak; nor in his name Be silent." It is important, especially at this time, for poets of Mr. Van Doren's fine discernment and technical competence to occupy themselves with such fundamental matters as the nature of truth and justice, and it is wise for an American poet to deal with native themes. One could wish, however, that Mr. Van Doren had been more expert in combining the one with the other, and so had wrought a poem adequate to the considerations of which it was the vehicle.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

B. H. Haggin on Recorded Music

MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE first issue of "Music on Records" three years ago was so useful and so popular that the author soon had to issue a supplement and to follow it up with a monthly bulletin, concurrent with his weekly comment in *The Nation.* In the present volume the new material and experience yielded by these activities have been recast in a fresh and attractive form, upon the same principles which have made of Mr. Haggin one of the most respected music critics of our generation.

This is to say that no owner of the first guide and no reader of *The Nation's* Records page will want to miss Mr. Haggin's new work. It differs from the other handbooks on the market in a number of important ways. It is, for one thing, brief and selective, not pseudo-encyclopedic; it consists, for another, not merely of facts and opinions but of critical judgments, that is to say, of facts and opinions that have been tested and organized by a mind aware of its own procedure in judging and of the aims of artists in creating. Lastly, and not lightly to be dismissed, is the fact that the text is written in a vigorous and personal idiom, free from the affectations of the pundit and the verbal lather of the blurb writer.

The arrangement of the book makes it suitable for a variety of uses. The first seventy-five pages discuss The Music. It is an admirable little introduction to the whole subject as it presents itself to the intending listener. The brief résumés of the qualities of some seventy composers will not please everyone, but they will please all those who are interested in the precise utterance of deeply felt and long-mediated opinions. After music comes performance. A short statement of the way to judge it is followed by a list of works and recordings alphabetically ordered under the names of the composers treated in the first section. A third part offers the reader the prolegomena of Jazz. The book is ingeniously indexed so that it need not be read but only consulted; and consulted so that the comments on the music can be neglected in favor of the crucial details of serial numbers, repressings, and hall resonance.

I mention this princely convenience, not because I did not enjoy reading Mr. Haggin in due order, but because some of his potential readers may have heard that he is sound on performance but "dogmatic" on the matter itself. Like most popular reputations, this one is based on a plausible misunderstanding. If by dogmatic is meant that Mr. Haggin tells us what he thinks, it is true and it is a merit. If, however, dogmatic means that one cannot escape from his assertions and one is thus blindly misled, it is false. No one is easier to disagree with than Mr. Haggin, because his reasons are always as clear as his judgments. When he says, for example, that Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch" is only well-contrived and effective recitative and declamation, there is no cause for the admirer to feel angry: he need only admit that among the things which he likes, and which Mr. Haggin does not, are effective recitative and declamation. Likewise with the devotee of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl": it is charming, but whoever likes it must like repetition. In short, nothing is more needlessly destructive of pleasure than to suppose only a few chosen qualities admirable in art; and nothing more clearly reveals a true critic like Mr. Haggin than his ability to call things by the right name and let the consequences take care of themselves. But that is also why the true critic frightens the timid soul into an unaccountable sense of loss. Fearful of being wrong, the insecure music-lover is shocked at being told that Mozart composed vulgar tunes (for Leporello) and at hearing the St. Matthew Passion called a *long* work.

To Mr. Haggin's procedure, admirable as it is, I would nevertheless make two objections, one trivial, one more serious. The first is to his occasional lapse into personalities. It seems unnecessary to introduce into any critical treatment whatsoever the eccentric pronunciation that a certain conductor gives to certain words; nor does it strengthen a just aesthetic cause to describe another conductor as appearing

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to conduct always the same passionate work. In these matters, *noblesse oblige.*

My deeper objection is to the opening statement that the book is intended, at least in part, to tell neophytes which recorded works are the greatest. I am not here complaining of the individualism of the judgment. The author makes it clear that he can only give *his* judgment, and it is his that we want to hear. What I question is the absolute greatness of any work for him or for anyone else. Is there no relation of work to mood or occasion that may shift values, and are we not, with absolute greatness, heading straight into the question of the Six Best Sides for the Desert Isle? The "greatest" Beethoven Symphony and the "greatest" Beethoven Quartet are incommensurable, and there are pieces—the several parts of an opera, for example—whose greatness consists in being *where* they are, even when *what* they are may be trivial or ugly. Mr. Haggin's qualified approval of the "Oberon" Overture for some of its "moments" brings into play this very objection to the intentional fixity of his standard. But this is not the place to argue the point, nor indeed to press it too hard against a nearly perfect piece of work.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Prussian Tradition

THE POTSDAM FUEHRER. By Robert Ergang. Columbia University Press. $3.

GERMANIZING PRUSSIAN POLAND. By Richard W. Tims. Columbia University Press. $4.25.

WAR AND THE GERMAN MIND. By William K. Pfeiler. Columbia University Press. $3.25.

FOR the last two hundred years Prussia has exercised an increasing influence upon the German mind. It is a land with peculiar traditions: a frontier district conquered by the sword, held by a knightly order of monastic discipline; its disparate elements woven into a unit by the will power of the Hohenzollern princes, who, spending all their moral energies and economic resources upon the army, made it not only the lifeblood but the ethical and social standard of the nation. The Columbia University Press has just published three valuable historical monographs about the background and aspirations of the mightiest of all military machines, now sweeping across the steppes of Eurasia. Dr. Ergang's "The Potsdam Führer," the first biography in English of King Frederick William I, the father of Prussian militarism, is readable and destined for the general public. True, Prussianism today has changed from its form of two centuries ago and has undergone the influences of Frederick the Great, Baron vom Stein, and Bismarck; nevertheless, its outstanding traits and aspirations are clearly discernible in the life and work of the soldier king who combined a violent distrust of intellectuals with an unflinching devotion to his army and concentrated all the resources of the state upon this favorite child of his soul. Though his *Führertum* was confined to the still narrow frontiers of Prussia, and though Frederick William lacked entirely the artistic and romantic element which is so conspicuous in Hitler, nevertheless he was like Hitler in one fundamental attitude: "He expected blind and unconditional obedience from everyone. The slightest opposition

NEW HARPER BOOKS

DIVIDED THEY FALL
A Plea for Unity
By Richard B. Scandrett, Jr.
President of The Survey Associates
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Where can distressed humanity look today for reassurance that the values which add comfort, strength and zest to daily living have not changed? This timely account of the author's many and varied human associations and friendships is the heartening answer of at least one in whose simple code for living every reader will see the convincing evidence that will help them to be "brave enough for life." Says LOUIS BROWNE, "One of those rare books that are good enough to live. Not in a long time have I come across a book so pleasant to read and so sure to be re-read." $2.50

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would throw him into fits of frenzy in which he would commit acts of violence which set Europe aghast. During these outbursts he became a terror to his subjects." But Frederick William was a sober and a pious man. National Socialism has shaken off sobriety and piety in the willing acceptance of the tribal self-adulation of romanticism.

Since Hitler stems from the Austrian borderlands, he shares with most eastern Prussians a contempt for Slavs, the "inferior race." Prussia was established on Slavic soil; in the late eighteenth century a large part of its population was Polish. At the end of the nineteenth century Prussia inaugurated an active anti-Slav policy in its Eastern Marches. The efforts of the so-called H-K-T Society, which between 1894 and the first World War tried to Germanize the Polish parts of Prussia, were not crowned with success. The Prussia of the nineteenth century was not ruthless enough to carry out the Hakatists' plans. As Dr. Tims remarks at the end of his well-documented and scholarly monograph, "to dispossess whole populations a statesman must either annihilate them or have a place to send them; the dissolution of international society is perhaps the prerequisite." This was achieved only by Hitler. But the Hakatist propaganda succeeded in making western Germany conscious of the German-Slav antagonism, thus preparing the generation growing up at the turn of the century for the coming sweep of Prussianism. "In its own way it summed up much that was typical, much that was symptomatic in the generation that approached 1914."

Dr. Pfeiler's volume analyzes the mind of this generation by considering the testimony about soldiers' experiences at the front presented in the many novels written during the long armistice. His impartial inquiry into the German literary reaction to the war experience covers Werfel, Zweig, and Remarque, as well as the nationalists who are much less well known outside Germany but who had an infinitely deeper influence on German youth. It reveals clearly that the seeds of National Socialism were not sown by the Treaty of Versailles but go back at least to the World War itself, and in fact of course far beyond. With German soldiers the *Fronterlebnis* remained a source of inspiration; their whole philosophy of life was founded on it. Their generation revived and intensified the Spartan ideal of Prussia; a people grew up not only, to use Hitler's words, "quick as greyhounds, tough as leather, and hard as Krupp steel," but also devoid of all humanitarian feeling, of any belief in a common humanity and the restraint of a universal ethical law, and filled with a burning faith in the unique rights of a master-race. Like the two other books, Dr. Pfeiler's extremely fair study will increase our understanding of the strange and threatening phenomena presented by modern Germany.

HANS KOHN

George III

AMERICA'S LAST KING: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE MADNESS OF GEORGE III. By Manfred S Guttmacher. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

"STUBBORN" and "stupid" are the two adjectives most likely to occur to Americans in connection with the last king to reign over us. Stubborn he was, but he was far from stupid, and even his stubbornness was, as has been said of all his principal faults, an exaggerated virtue. Throughout one of the longest reigns in history he remained one of the best and most conscientious of British sovereigns, not excepting his granddaughter, Queen Victoria, whose virtues as well as shortcomings were singularly like his. But the neurotic tendencies which in Victoria never went farther than the neurotic stage led in her grandfather's case to recurrent attacks of manic-depressive insanity and finally resulted in complete mental collapse. The collapse of his personal government and of the First British Empire left a badly crippled Britain locked in the grim and seemingly interminable struggle with Bonaparte. His reign was thus a long political and personal tragedy.

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Many of the new books which will make enduring gifts will be reviewed in *The Nation's* Christmas Book Number, dated December 6.

In addition, *The Nation* has elected to publish on December 6 its selective listing of noteworthy books which have appeared during the year, a listing which usually occupies two full pages.

A number of wide-awake publishers have already taken advantage of the unusual opportunity to gain augmented reader-interest for their holiday announcements through this feature issue.

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The records—medical, political, and personal—are unusually full. Dr. Guttmacher, a distinguished Maryland psychiatrist, has had access to the archives of Windsor Castle and makes full use of contemporary letters, pamphlets, and memoirs. The result is an intimate picture of George III as ruler, man, and patient which makes him seem not only a very real person but a sorely tried friend.

It is all the more surprising—and certainly necessary to note of a book whose purpose is to inform and clarify—that literary talent, wide learning, and a sympathetic grasp of a character and a period should not exclude ignorance and inattention in matters of detail. Cliveden is called "Clinden"; Queensberry and the first name of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire are misspelled; the Earls Temple, Waldegrave, and Ferrers appear as the Earls *of* the same, and the Earl of Orford (Walpole) as the Earl of Oxford; the Dukes of Grafton and Portland are called "Lord" Grafton and "Lord" Portland; Lord George Germain and Lord Germaine occur on the same page; George Grenville is called Lord Grenville, a title acquired later by his youngest son; most surprising of all, the word "prorogued" is employed throughout in a sense exactly the opposite of its meaning.

Let us repeat, however, that this is a first-class biography with really delightful contemporary illustrations.

JAMES ORRICK

Hero and Martyr

GOD IS MY FUEHRER. By Martin Niemöller. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.75.

MARTIN NIEMOELLER, who sits in prison on Hitler's explicit orders after even a Nazi court has declared him innocent, will undoubtedly be known as one of the heroes and martyrs of this period. Twenty-eight sermons of his, preached just before his incarceration, are recorded in this book. They clearly reveal that he could not be "innocent" in the eyes of Hitler, for they breathe a religiously motivated and religiously exalted defiance of tyranny. For those who consider it impossible, they prove that a political position can be opposed by one who has no political vantage-point of his own. Niemöller's vantage-point is purely religious. Hitler's offense in Niemöller's eyes is that the Führer is involved in a pagan religion of self-deification and the deification of a race and nation.

There is a thrilling note of immediacy and urgency in these sermons. As Thomas Mann declares in his introduction, in them "the Gospel is no longer word and tradition and thoughtful exegesis. It is experience, life, and immediate happening." The theme is "the whole pathetic failure of a life that ends in utter abandonment at the Cross—an end which is no longer a tragedy" but which "ever more spells triumph, the victory over the world." In other words, the Christian drama of salvation is related to the contemporary scene by a living faith and serves as the basis of an interpretation of life which makes defiance of tyranny possible and necessary, and which anticipates the inevitable consequences of such defiance and glories in the expected "shame" of imprisonment. To read this book with understanding is to know why "the blood of the martyrs" has been "the seed of the church" in all generations.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

War and the German Mind

By WM. K. PFEILER

This book shows exactly what the Germans have thought about war for a generation or more, and proves conclusively that, despite the feelings of writers such as Remarque and Zweig, if Germany had won in 1918 she might well have climaxed her victory with the establishment of totalitarianism. Sensational evidence. $3.25

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IN BRIEF

ON TROUBLESOME CREEK. By James Still. Viking Press. $2.50.

A salty volume of ten bang-up Kentucky-mountain stories, hill-billier than the Hatfields or the Coys. Without benefit of book-learning these people talk a language as fresh and earthy as folk-poetry, a lingo that will leave a flavor of piney woods and fresh-run corn liquor on your tongue for days to come.

THE LONG WINTER ENDS. By Newton G. Thomas. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

A warm-hearted novel about a Cornish miner in upper Michigan who scrabbles for copper ore underground and studies the ways of a new country while preparing a home for his young wife and the son he has not yet seen. With a story that has often been told before, though with an unexploited setting, it successfully skirts the quicksand of sentimentality and pays an unpretentious tribute to simple devotion and sterling courage.

THUNDER IN THE EARTH. By Edwin Lanham. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

The oil fields of Texas in the 1930's are the scene of this ample novel by the author of "The Stricklands." When Cobb Walters found oil on land he had won at a poker game, he never dreamed that his treasure would in many ways be a scourge to himself and the town of Lebanon, that the farmers would deny their faithful crops, that the thunderous oil of the earth would blast the decencies of folk he had loved, that the "front" he purchased would at last betray him. The story of Cobb's material success and his slump from it has all the brawling vigor of the boom town Lebanon became. This is real, and Cobb is a credible human being, a good guy. He has no more heroism or loyalty than your neighbor, but he holds you, nevertheless, for all his violence and lust and avarice, until, unregenerate, he begins all over again.

PAGEANT OF ENGLAND (1840-1940). By Arthur Bryant. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Vivid, dramatic, swift, passionate, ironic, witty—these are the adjectives that come to mind in trying to describe this action picture of the rise and decline of English industrialism and laissez faire. Unfortunately, Mr. Bryant identifies liberalism and democracy with the abuses which accompanied them in the century under consideration, and wishes to return to a kind of feudal agrarianism. "Pageant" is too glittering a word for an intensely human book, sparing no sordid detail, missing no gleam of humor, seething with character. "Saga," which it was called in England, is better.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

A Dialectic of Morals: Toward the Foundations of Political Philosophy. By Mortimer Adler. Review of Politics. University of Notre Dame. $1.80.

The Heart of Maryland and Other Plays. By David Belasco. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Glenn Hughes and George Savage. Princeton. $5.

The Balance Sheet of the Future. By Ernest Bevin. McBride. $2.75.

The Story of Modern Art. By Sheldon Cheney. Viking. $5.

America's Own Refugees: Our 4,000,000 Homeless Migrants. By Henry Hill Collins, Jr. Princeton. $3.

The Armies March. A Personal Report by John Cudahy. Scribner's. $2.75.

The Kremlin and the People. By Walter Duranty. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

Fountain Heads of Freedom. By Irwin Edman with the Collaboration of Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

Language in Action: A Guide to Accurate Thinking. By S. I. Hayakawa. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Pan-American Spanish Self-Taught. By Francisco Ibarra. Random House. $2.50.

The Brandeis Guide to the Modern World. Edited by Alfred Lief. Little, Brown. $2.75.

The Germans: Double History of a Nation. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown. $4.

U. S. Camera 1942. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.85.

Collected Sonnets. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper. $3.

Boom or Bust. By Blair Moody. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

The Theory of Consumers' Demand. By Ruby Turner Norris. Yale. $3.

Plain Words About Veneral Disease. By Thomas Parran and R. A. Vonderlehr. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

Balkan Correspondent. By Derek Patmore. Harper. $3.

Total Espionage. By Curt Riess. Putnam's. $2.75.

Iceland Past and Present. By Björn Thórdarson. Oxford. 50 cents.

The Story of Everyday Things. By Arthur Train, Jr. Harper. $3.50.

Municipals. Edited by Edward A. Wayne. Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. $1.

Success in Court. By Francis L. Wellman. Macmillan. $3.50.

How to Understand Current Events: A Guide to an Appraisal of the News. By Leon Whipple. Harper. $2.50.

CORRECTION: The price of *The Greek Political Experience: Studies in Honor of William Kelly Prentice,* listed as $2 on November 8, should have been $3.

DRAMA

SO FAR this week the only things to report are two very fine performers in two fair-to-middling plays, and it hardly seems probable that Miss Grace George will be able to keep "Spring Again" going at Henry Miller's Theater or that Miss Pauline Lord can prevent the heartless eviction of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" from the Cort. Neither play is worth prolonged regret if considered merely as a play, but it does seem too bad that there is no place—as there so obviously is not—in our bustling, high-pressure theater for pleasant, unassuming little pieces even when beautifully acted by performers whose charm and skill are generally recognized.

Of the two, "Spring Again" got the less unfavorable notices, but it is also considerably the less expert, even though the graciously commanding presence of Miss George is well calculated to make one overlook the fact. Having started with the idea of an aging couple whose whole lives have been dominated by the husband's tireless hero worship of his father, a hero of the Civil War, the authors seem very uncertain what to do with the idea—perhaps because so much had already been done with it in "The Truth About Blayds." They concoct a flimsy story about the wife's improbable success in turning her husband's endless anecdotes into a soap opera which appears to be a sort of "Life with Father" plus military trimmings, and they get one funny farcical scene in which Joseph Buloff appears as a Napoleon of the movies out to buy the script no matter whether anyone wants to sell it or not. But it is still Miss George's evening in so far as it could be called anybody's.

The author of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" seems a good deal sure what it is that he is trying to do, and Miss Lord, whose bewilderment can be as funny in a comedy as it is pathetic in another sort of play, does everything anyone could ask of her. The trouble here is merely that scatterbrained families have been a bit overworked of late and that there is nothing in this comedy which one doesn't seem to remember from some other. But I was quite pleasantly amused nevertheless, and I would still rather see Pauline Lord in "The Walrus and the Carpenter" than some hits I could mention.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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MUSIC

ONE of the New Opera Company's purposes—that of supplementing the Metropolitan's repertory—it achieved admirably. After Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte" and Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades" it offered Verdi's "Macbeth," an early work with moments of the power of the later works, and with the music of the sleep-walking scene, astounding in its dramatic force and poignancy. And its final offering was Offenbach's delightful "Vie parisienne." The effect of "Macbeth" was mostly in the musical framework created by Fritz Busch, not in the stage production, nor in the singing and acting of the principles in roles that demanded emotional, vocal, and dramatic resources which these young Americans did not have to give—not, above all, in the tremolo-ridden shrieking of Florence Kirk, and the crouches, the clutches, the lunges, the whirls that were her imitation of the mannerisms of the Verdi villainesses she had seen on operatic stages. On the other hand, "La Vie parisienne" not only was superbly staged by Felix Brentano and conducted by Antal Dorati, but was superbly sung and acted by a cast thoroughly at ease with the work.

If, then, one of the New Opera Company's purposes was to provide opportunities and experience for young Americans, its productions of "The Queen of Spades" and "Macbeth" cause one to question whether the right way to achieve this purpose—right for the artists, for the public, for the works—is to give them roles they are not equipped and ready for in a company playing to one of the most sophisticated of audiences, as against the European way of having young artists start with small parts in provincial companies and move up to as important parts in as important companies as their equipment and experience permit. And the productions of "Cosi fan Tutte" and "La Vie parisienne" lead to the conclusion that these young Americans are better suited to comedy than to tragedy.

Again, the works which the New Opera Company presented were some of those which, according to Fritz Busch, need the intimacy of a small theater. But the productions of these works established the fact that a small theater demands a performance which can stand the close proximity; and I would say that the one thing which might give a performance like the New Company's "Queen of Spades" some illusion is remoteness—and not only the remoteness in space of a large theater but the psychological remoteness of a foreign language, which would prevent absurdities (to American ears) like a sung "I did not sleep well last night."

And this leads me, finally, to observe that even in the small theater I could not follow the English words sufficiently to understand the story of "The Queen of Spades" or the lyrics of "La Vie parisienne"; and that librettos of these two works were sold in the lobby.

A reader writes to complain that Columbia "used to give a booklet with Mahler's 'Lied von der Erde,' containing a critical discussion of Mahler, a thematic analysis of the music, and the German poems with good English translations. Now they give a leaflet, with one page about Mahler, and one page devoted to vague remarks about the music—but no poems, no translations. I doubt if anyone can understand 'Das Lied' without knowing what the singing is all about." Everyone but Columbia seems to understand that when it issues a recording of music that is integrally related to words it should issue the words with the music. But I must add that Victor also has not understood this occasionally—for example, in the case of "The Beggar's Opera."

Another reader points out that Schnabel's recording of Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata was originally one of H. M. V.'s Beethoven Society subscription sets, but that now Victor issues it. "Has Camden the other Beethoven Society masters, and, if so, can the other sonatas be pressed up? If they can, why aren't they? Certainly Beethoven's piano music would be among the steadiest items in any catalog. If the H. M. V. Schnabel masters aren't available, why doesn't Victor record him again?" As it happens, Victor recently sent out a statement by its musical director, Charles O'Connell, explaining what goes into the decision to make a recording. "First, established public demand. Second, musical importance of the work in question. . . . Third, the particular ability of a given artist to perform the work in question." This covers the case of Schnabel's performances of Beethoven's last sonatas; and if you want them recorded, says Mr. O'Connell, all you have to do is to tell him so in sufficient numbers. And in the same way you can get recordings of Schnabel's performances of the Diabelli Variations, the late Bagatelles, and the Schubert sonatas that he is going to play for the New Friends of Music this year.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 512]

Carobs stood, the long, slightly inclined wheat fields began. The wheat sheaves that had not been threshed were stacked into dome-shaped heaps.

"Now," Mori the younger began, "tell us where your father is going to meet you."

"Nowhere," Carmelo said, despite Brasi's plucking of his trouser belt.

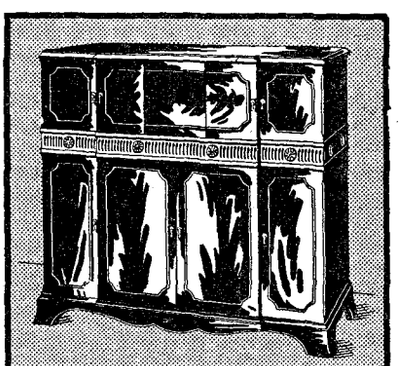
"So you left the summer pasturage just for a pleasant walk?"

At the end of twenty minutes neither boy had given any information. Mori had just ordered them to be taken to San Filippo for more persistent questioning when the sheaves were illuminated by a rapidly increasing glow.

"The Blackbeard!" one of the men shouted. The night breeze fanned the conflagration, and they saw that one of the wheat ricks had been fired. The bannerets of curling flame at once ignited a neighboring pile. By the time the alarm had been sounded three more ricks were aflame. The grasshoppers were leaping up, creaking and clicking.

"The field!"

"Blackbeard!" The two cries rang out at once. The boys saw their father's



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body momentarily silhouetted against the glare. They knew that loping gait. When Carmelo moved his elbow to nudge his brother, the boy was gone. Fierce imprecations broke out when one of the Blackshirts discovered this. Then, as Cesare Maniscalco dashed through the flaming wheat field hurling a great armful of burning straw that must have burned his hand and face into the standing crop, Mori the younger drew his pistol and raced toward Blackbeard. The Fascist leader fired once from the edge of the field, yelled in a paroxysm of rage, and dashed over the red border of already burned out wheat stalks into the sea of flames that rose some two or three feet above the exploding heads of the wheat. As he was aureoled around with flame, they all saw him stagger. And stumble onward. They saw, too, through the thin sheet of red-gold flame, the figure of Blackbeard as he leaped upon Mori. The two men went down, scattering red and yellow sparks, and Blackbeard alone got up and came out of the welter of flame toward them. The Fascisti scattered and fired wildly at his silhouette. He disappeared behind a blazing rick, and in great fear they shouted orders to one another, firing blindly into the rick. One of them was suddenly sent sprawling, the veins of his neck and throat torn out by Blackbeard's knife. Another Blackshirt fell to Blackbeard's pistol, and a third was wounded by a fellow-Fascist in his excitement.

Again Blackbeard disappeared into the flames that now were fifty yards away from the piles of wheat. The two Blackshirts gripping Carmelo felt his body start as the son recognized the maneuver. Red Head had fought that way. When Father came racing down upon his foes from behind, having crawled back through the flames in another place, the son yelled encouragement and was struck half senseless by a blow from a pistol butt. He struggled to his knees. Two Blackshirts were leaping upon Father. One of them collapsed before he reached Father. The other took a knife blow in the stomach.

Raging, Carmelo tried to stand up. His warders were firing rapidly at Father. One of them sank down, sighing. Then Father flung up his one good hand, staggered half a dozen paces and sank to his knees. He pitched forward, his head butting the red base of a blazing rick. Burning sheaves fell upon him, but the Blackshirts continued to fire their pistols at his body. Carmelo lay still, the sighing Fascist across his body.

"Beloved Mother, O Mary, pray for him, pray for him. He killed seven of them. *Patre, patre,*" he wailed, "you killed seven of them! Have mercy upon him, Mary."

That was the mystery of it. Only five could have fallen to Cesare Maniscalco. One had been wounded by the bullet of a companion. But the Blackshirt who had fallen in the act of leaping upon Blackbeard had had his nose and eyes totally destroyed. It was hard to believe that Maniscalco's little pistol had inflicted such a wound or that a knife blow could have so disfigured a man's face. Not that the disfigurement mattered, the *fattore* said, as he dropped rope upon the body and ordered it to be slung across a mule. Mori's body he laid in the bottom of a cart wrapped in a blanket. The *fattore* himself drove it to San Filippo that night.

Maniscalco's body was slung over a mule. Twice it rolled to the ground as the cortege descended into the lemon groves. A few minutes before they reached the chapel of St. Agrippina the body fell again. The men now began to talk of Blackbeard's deed. They laid him against the base of a lemon tree, his burned head in the concealing shade.

"Quello è masculu," one of them said in awed tones, using the present tense. They whispered assent, eyeing the body with profound respect. After awhile one of them said:

"He was with his sons all day. A man came in from another farm. He said he saw this man sitting with his sons, and the goats way out in the middle of the plain."

"Mother of God! This is something to remember, eh, my friends? What a man!"

"Blackbeard!"

"Blackbeard, Blackbeard!" Among the silent lemon trees, where none could overhear them, they whispered the name.

"There was a man named Calogero who lived in my village of Vizzini," one of them began. But they did not want to hear about Calogero of Vizzini who lived eighty years ago.

"They did well for themselves to arrest Blackbeard's son," another said as the mule jogged on with its stiffening burden.

"There is another. A boy. He slipped away before the fight began."

"A boy? Well, a boy from that man's seed . . . Where is he, I wonder?"

"Tst!"

An automobile was rocking through the soft earth of the lemon grove ahead of them, and they were silent. At that moment Brasi was being bound hand and foot at The Four Carobs.

When his stone struck Mori in the head and he saw his father close with the man and heard Mori's death cry among the flames, Brasi skirted the conflagration in a wide semicircle and ran, upon his toes, to the ridge where Chiesa had fallen. He was unable to find the place, and so with no other weapon than his sling he half-heartedly tried to kill goats. The shooting and firing had long since ceased. The goats ran away and he suddenly wanted to be with them. They would not answer his call. The dogs were cowering among the rocks and would not obey him. The goats wandered away, scattering about the hillside. Brasi was upon his knees, sobbing, his head lowered upon a stone when one of the farm hands grabbed him. At Four Carobs he bit the *fattore's* cheek and insulted his daughter. He was thereupon bound. The next morning he was pitched into Carmelo's cell. When the door closed, they kissed each other and wept. Brasi, proud in his grief later said:

"He took six or seven with him, our Father. Whatever he did to make them hunt him, he fought well and God should forgive him."

"May he rest in peace." The boys through their tears, gazed at one another.

"But it is not finished, Brasi."

"No, it is not." Brasi removed the cross from around his neck, kissed it and held it out to Carmelo. Together they clutched it.

"We shall finish it."

"Praised be the Lord Christ in his high Heaven. Trodden down, bemired and defiled be the Blessed Sacrament and my soul unconfessed in hell if I do not."

"If I do not," Brasi whispered. Again he wept and was drawn into his brother's arms. There he slept until food was placed upon the floor. Ravenous he ate his own and Carmelo's untouched share. And slept again, stretched on the stone flags.

[*To be continued next week*]

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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Letters to the Editors

London Breathing-Spell

[We print below part of a letter recently received from London.]

Dear ——: Of course we are expecting more air raids, but we have had some time in which to breathe and to be more or less ordinary again. And when we are told that we mustn't slacken and mustn't count upon anybody but ourselves, I don't quite know what that means. You breathe when you can, and when you can't, you put up with it.

I have been exploring London as one means of breathing. People actually come here and say, "Oh, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought." They don't know their London. In one quarter in the middle of Dockland the only way you can tell how many little houses there were is by what look like dog kennels at the bottom of the little yards. These were the shelters—which, by the way, stood up well to the blitz.

I couldn't yesterday count the churches that have been destroyed. The beautiful Allhallows, Barking; the Toc H church, roofless, with blue sky above the remains of its walls; the Temple church burned to the color of pink ash; the Round still standing, the Early English portion just walls. Of the four Early English churches left in London all, I believe, were destroyed—I am not quite sure about St. Etheldreda's in Ely Place. Innumerable Wren churches are gone—St. Bride's, St. Olave, and St. John's, Bermondsey (the latter only after Wren), St. Clement Danes—the Oranges and Lemons church. Curiously enough, many of the towers were left standing, as, for instance, that of the journalists' church, St. Bride's.

Curious living things happen. In Dockland the rose bay, a tall purplish flower, is busy covering the ruins. Wherever there are ruins, weeds, so-called, begin to grow—nightshade, sow thistle, persicaria, and many others. The Englishman is an inveterate gardener, and here and there he has set to work to make gardens in bombed ruins. In the very heart of London yesterday, near the warehouses by Tower Bridge, I saw in the ruins of a house behind a coffee stall a little garden with runner beans and Brussels sprouts complete, and not only that but a white hen cocking an eye at those who were impolitely watching her attempts at egg-laying.

There has been an immense patching up and clearing away of London during the lull. Our own house had to have all its chimneys taken down, and the parapet and the doors and ceilings are still very groggy, and plaster drips upon my bed. Of course the bother of it is that it may all happen again and all the patching may be in vain, but you have to go on as "usually" as you can.

MURIEL HARRIS

London, October 12

Saroyan Again and Again

Dear Sirs: There is a third play in my book "The Beautiful People." The title of this play is "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning." Your reviewer (not Joseph Wood Krutch) failed to mention this play, and since I am instructed in the art of writing by the reviews of my books which appear in *The Nation* (under the heading Saroyan Again), I feel a great loss. Have the man tell me about that one, too.

WILLIAM SAROYAN,
Old Subscriber (Kindly Renew)

San Francisco, November 10

Milk for Defense

Dear Sirs: From an international as well as from a national standpoint, farm production, particularly the production of milk, grows more important with each passing day. Adequate production of milk cannot be obtained unless the small farmer can meet his production costs, that is, unless the price of milk improves—more dairymen are going out of business this fall than have done so at this season in many years. But what the small farmer wants is to have the blend price raised, the price of milk used for dairy products, not the price of fluid milk. Raising the fluid price means higher retail prices for bottled milk, which means that low-income families can buy less, which means a restricted market and lower prices for farmers.

I wrote you last spring that what the farmers needed was organization. Now I want your readers to know that we have an organization and that it is called the Farmers' Union of the New York Milkshed. It is the only farm group now working for good milk prices for farmers. Our efforts are hampered by the activity of so-called dairy groups seeking to increase the price of fluid milk. Many large farmers have substantial interests in milk-distributing companies. Perhaps these farmer-dealers want increased fluid prices to further their dealer interests and use their farmer status "to cover up." The extent of milk-trust or other milk-dealer control in "farmer" organizations seeking to raise the fluid price should be investigated. Department of Agriculture experts know what they are talking about when they say: "Often changes in surplus prices have as much or more influence on net prices received by farmers as a change in Class 1 (fluid) prices. Yet it is our experience that producers will spend much more time discussing the need for a higher Class 1 price than in discussing the need for better surplus prices."

The public needs to know the facts about the milk industry, and a good way to accomplish this would be for everyone to read the pamphlet "What Price Milk," based on the research work of the late Dr. Caroline Whitney and published by the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, 35-30 36th Street, Long Island City, New York.

RUTH E. HILL

Jamesville, N. Y., November 12

The Audacity of the Right

Dear Sirs: On the evening of Sunday, November 1, the Mutual network carried a forum discussion of labor's responsibility in the defense program. The participants were two labor officials, who might be expected to uphold a liberal point of view, an official of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Senator O'Daniel of Texas. The labor spokesmen behaved in such a way as to substantiate an observation made by J. Alvarez del Vayo in the July 12 issue of *The Nation,* an observation that will stand a great deal of repetition: "The right has succeeded until now in manipulating the liberals at its pleasure, and the danger remains that it will succeed again and again. Everything has its explanation, and I suggest that the explanation in this case is the unpleasant one that everywhere the right has shown more courage and audacity than all the liberal forces put together."

In the face of the superior "courage and audacity" of their opponents, the

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two labor officials permitted themselves to be depicted as representatives of a group of irresponsible wreckers taking advantage of the emergency to feather their nests at the expense of the $21-a-month boys in the army. On two or three occasions the anti-labor gentlemen warded off questions concerning the shameful part management has played in obstructing the defense program by simply stating that the questions were irrelevant to the subject under discussion; and then they returned to the attack by accusing the labor spokesmen of using red-herring tactics.

Irrelevant, indeed! Right now, the most important demand on labor's responsibility is the call to thwart hitherto successful action by the right in covering its own slimy trail by using labor-management disputes as a red herring. Labor must meet that demand if it expects its own rights to be protected as well as those of the draftees, over whom so many crocodile tears have been shed by a management which, after demobilization, will show little concern for the ex-soldiers' right to work.

The very evasiveness of the reactionary spokesmen in that debate was good ground for their indictment as irresponsibles, in spite of their hypocritical assertions that their advocacy of anti-labor measures was solely for the purpose of removing obstacles to the national defense. Apparently the men selected to speak for labor did not have enough imagination to see the opportunity to press that indictment; and such opportunities are few these days when the bulk of newspaper space and radio time is devoted to the anti-labor point of view.

It is unfortunate that the writings of a del Vayo are not more widely circulated, but it is worse that officials of such an ostensibly liberal group as organized labor are unable, in the light of history, to see the dangerous condition del Vayo pointed out.

ROBERT F. JONES

North Little Rock, Ark., November 10

HAVE THE WORLD'S TROUBLES GOT YOU DOWN?
a one-night respite from the gloom of black headlines — an unusual
NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
Wednesday Night, December 31, 8:30 o'clock
at PALM GARDEN, 306 West 52nd STREET
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NIGHT CLUB ENTERTAINERS
LARGEST BAR IN TOWN
Wonderful Dance Floor • BUFFET SUPPER
Tickets $1.65 in advance—$2.00 at the door
Boxes seating ten, $25.00
INTERNATIONAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, 2 West 43d Street, New York

Apportioning the Relief Bill

Dear Sirs: Carey McWilliams's Americans Without a Country in *The Nation* of November 1 reminds me of my mother's reminiscences of the oppressiveness of this same system in New England more than a hundred years ago, for though it never oppressed her own family, it used to be ordinary to know your neighbors' affairs and sympathize with them. It further reminds me that the stormy commonwealth of ancient Iceland devoted a full thirteenth of its lawbook to rules for determining the responsibility for the care of dependent persons. If somebody in the United States had power to make rules for that purpose, it would be both simple and reasonable to make a rule that if a man had lived twenty years in New Jersey, fifteen in Ohio, ten in Missouri, five in California, and then become a crippled dependent, New Jersey or its local authorities should pay 40 per cent of the cost of his relief, Ohio 30 per cent, Missouri 20 per cent, and California 10 per cent. But this would require an amendment to the Constitution, unless Mr. McWilliams is right in hoping that the pressure of federal grants-in-aid would be sufficient coercion.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., November 10

A Modern Prison

Dear Sirs: In the September 27 issue of *The Nation* Jonathan Daniels wrote of Prison Horrors in America. While there was considerable truth in Mr. Daniels's remarks, much hope for a more humane penal system in America may be found in what is being done in some of the newer state and federal institutions. In California, for example, a new "minimum security" institution for first-time offenders, the California Institution for Men, located near Los Angeles, bids fair to initiate a new era in prison reform. Here, on a 2,500-acre farm, has been established an institution where there are no armed guards, no walls, no shaved heads, no dull uniform clothes worn by the men, no "dungeons" for solitary confinement. Stressing individual treatment and social rehabilitation, California Institution for Men chose its staff of forty-three supervisors—not guards—on a competitive basis from among 2,500 applicants, and put them through a thorough six weeks' training program embodying all the latest practices known to modern penology.

Intended as a practically self-sufficient agricultural producing unit, California's newest penal institution aims to train men for useful occupations by means of daily job assignments in kitchen, bakery, garage, laundry, nursery, garden, business office, and on the farm, as well as by carefully planned courses in the three R's, typing, accounting, bookkeeping, journalism, music, auto mechanics, metal work, laundry, animal husbandry, and forestry. When not engaged in these various activities the inmates take part in a varied recreational program which includes participation in athletic contests with outside teams. On Saturdays and Sundays the inmates are allowed one hour visits from friends and relatives and on Saturday nights they are entertained by home-made skits and movies. Thus they find little of the idle time which has been the curse of most of our penal institutions.

To date the results of this new experiment, which began in June, 1941, have been most encouraging, and there is every reason to believe it will prove a success.

STANLEY FAUSTMAN

Chino, Cal., November 13

CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD W. MITCHELL, a close student of American naval and military policy, has written articles on the subject for numerous periodicals.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is a well-known British writer and lecturer.

EDUARDO VILLASENOR is director general of the Bank of Mexico.

CARL SANDBURG is the author of the widely acclaimed six-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ, author of "Land Without Moses," has written extensively on the economic and political problems of the United States.

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, received the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation award of 1941 for the best book manuscript for children for her "Walt Whitman: Builder of America."

JACQUES BARZUN is assistant professor of history at Columbia University.

HANS KOHN is professor of modern European history at Smith College.

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